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its path

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's



JULY 27, 1981

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Maclean's



COVER STORY

Both a strike and a blow

As the strike by the Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPE), led by Jean-Charles Poirier, enters its fourth week, the odds to all workers of the economy continues to mount. In spite of cheerful efforts by some resourceful Canadians, the national mood is one of frustration that an essential service may founder in its chaotic. Will some version into a Crown corporation bring a badly needed change? —Page 17



Poland's new path

From Warsaw, Maclean's Peter Lewis reports on Poland's historic Left Party Congress —Page 29

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On to the summit

A Dwindly Helmut Schmidt arrived early for private talks with Pierre Trudeau —Page 39



Leg up from Bond

Wibbelsma model Joyce Barrie claims a For Your Eyes Only advertising session —Page 41



Please don't eat the paint

In the glow of blue of art classrooms last night to not mentioned on the label —Page 42

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EDITORIAL

From moonwalker wake-ups to a sundown serenade

By Peter C. Newman

One of summer's pleasures is to attend the folk festivals, large and small, that live up various parks and meadows across the country. Along with my daughter Ashley, I spent a July weekend at the eighth annual Winnipeg Folk Festival, held at Birds Hill Park, 32 km northeast of Manitoba's capital. Staffed by Rosalie Goldstein's 420 volunteers (she could make the Normandy invasion) and inspired by musical director Mitch Podolski, the Winnipeg event has become North America's largest annual sing-out, with 35,000 folkies crowding the grounds.

Folk-songs are important. Their themes serve as a kind of tuning fork of the country's mood. We listen to great folk-singers and see inside ourselves. Their melodies are pitched to the nation's vibrations. If the Winnipeg performances reflected such folk wisdom, we may be in better shape than the Gallup polls indicate. Certainly, we're a long way from the '60s, when folk-singers blew angry radical messages through their mustaches, wishing their dirty Lenin in public.

Today's troubadours deal with the old virtues of faith and compassion, the notion that the only true journey of knowledge and experience is from the depth of one being to the heart of another; that love, at least

in one way, is like money—you can't give it away if you've never had it.

The only political message I saw all day was a yellow T-shirt with black lettering imprinted on a map of Sterling Lyon's Manitoba, which read: HAPPINESS IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE TORY.

The concert's climax was the set by Steve Goodman, who flew up from Chicago for a \$400 fee. He started out singing "Good morning, America. How are ya?"—the song NASA played to wake the astronauts during the surface of the moon in 1973. Edith Butler, an Acadian version of Buffy Sainte-Marie, lit up the proceedings with her mesmerizing raschel and pathos. Valdy, Canada's most underrated performer, tugged at the soul with his tough tribute to John Lennon, *Thank God He's a Stranger*. The Celtic stridency of Na Cabaireadh reminded me of Norman Maclean's comment that bagpipe music is "a warning of the fever in the hearts of the wasters." Jim Post's humor, Peter Alsop's wisdom and the Battlefield Band's lyricism were some of the many other highlights.

But the best moment of all came one evening when a Cayun blues pianist sat behind his mandolin as he was staging one of those magnificent firestorm prairie sermons. He stopped the music, pausing silently at the night. We turned around. Then broke into spontaneous applause.

Maclean's

July 27, 1993

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Eyes of a hawk

I was not aware that Maclean's was in the habit of rendering legal opinions, but that is exactly what you have done in characterizing Israel's settlements as being in violation of the 1986 Geneva Convention (*Return of the Hawk*, Cover, July 12). There are formidable legal arguments to the contrary. In fact, the weight of documented legal opinion on this matter supports the legality of West Bank settlements. It is one thing to question the political expediency of Israel's settlement policy, it is something else entirely to label it illegal. I, for one, would prefer that legal professionals be left to argue who, unlike Maclean's, present detailed, documented analysis.

—MICHAEL S. CHORNAME
Toronto

Sauce for the golden goose

Your careful article on the funding problems faced by public-interest groups (*Caveat: Due to Gold or Interest*, *Commentary*, July 12) missed one critical point. At least half of all money spent by corporations to develop, research and promote their positions is provided, as a matter of course, by the Canadian taxpayers. These expenditures are, in fact, taxes, as perhaps they should be, as legitimate business costs and hence are tax deductible. A minimum standard of fairness would, therefore, have the gov-



Begin the weight of legal opinion

ernment provide half the costs of any neo-conservative group appearing before a board of commissioners. —DAVID R. BOWMAN
Ottawa

The great Canadian complex

It seems characteristic of Maclean's and typically Canadian to imply that Paul Hellyer, in his new book, *East of Eden*,

During the postal strike, readers may submit letters to the Editor at Maclean's office or send business correspondence via e-mail page and must head for complete duty or by telephone call to Toronto (416) 298-2222 during normal business hours.

borrowed his analysis from John Kenneth Galbraith (*Voices From the Deep*, Boston, July 12). If you were really on your toes you would be aware that Hellyer recommended cuts on his business and big unions to a Young Liberals conference in Banff many years ago, before Galbraith's first book on the subject was published.

—VICKI E. WATSON
Toronto

Re your review of Paul Hellyer's book. What is wrong with old wine, especially if it is vintage stuff? If people had listened to Hellyer 16 years ago the country would not be in the mess it is in today.

—KENNETH W. ANDER
Toronto

Eat, drink and be merry

Congratulations on your story. Don't Drink the Water (Cover, June 22). This comprehensive article shows how drinking water can become contaminated. On principle the Canadian Dental Association is against pollution, but the address of 110 or 122 pm of fluoride to fluoride-deficient drinking water is not pollution. It is a transmission aid to better teeth as proved wherever it has been tried. It is 1993. What a Quebec report takes up old American arguments linking fluoride to cancer. Although these have been refuted by respectable institutions, they are often repeated.

—LORNA D. SMITH
Pharmaceutical Officer,
Canadian Dental Association
Toronto

Maclean's King and, in 1967, opened her own business in Toronto, later branching out to Ottawa. Over the years Poole was used by the Ontario Provincial Police and the RCMP to assist in solving difficult cases.

1989: Composer-singer Harry Chapin, 36, best known for his 1972 hit ballad, *Taxi*, following a heart attack and internal injuries sustained when a truck-trailer struck his car on Long Island, N.Y. An all-around talent, Chapin scored an Oscar nomination for a 1969 documentary film and, in 1975, two Tony nominations for his Broadway play *The Night That Made America Famous*, as well as a Grammy nomination for his song about parental neglect, *Cats in the Hat*. During the Carter administration, Chapin served as a member of the President's Commission on International, Domestic and World Hunger.

1990: Actor Sean Connery, 43, *Maclean's* correspondent, in Beirut, Lebanon. See *World*, page 28.

1991: Former Prime Minister, 78, of Canada in Toronto. After resigning from Ireland to Canada in 1967, Poole performed readings for Prime Minister

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PASSAGES



1988: Actor Bruce Braithwaite, 58, best known for his leading role in the 1955 film *The Eddie Conto Story*, at a bar, Calif. Braithwaite, a lifelong teetotaler for a progressive live-in treatment. Regarded as a promising talent during the early '50s, with roles in such movies as *A Place in the Sun*, Braithwaite's career faded into a string of minor film appearances and was only rejuvenated briefly in 1965 when he lived about the entertainment industry. The *Canada*, was published.

1989/90: Author Ruth, in report of Hana, Alta, where he stayed to his Halloween after eight months in office. In addition to his threat to outlaw the truck-or-train children's event, Ruth threatened to board up the town's bus because of vandalism and tried to have

a \$1.5-million arena turned into a pig barn when it was found to be unsafe before its opening.



1988: Frederic Da Silva, 52, in Quebec City. The former chief justice of the Quebec Superior Court led a commission of inquiry into federal corruption that rocked the Lester Pearson government in 1985. Donald's report resulted in the resignation of then federal justice minister Guy Fauriol over the role the Liberal government played in attempting to obtain bail for Montreal underworld figure Lucien Rivard.

1990: Scott Tobias, 43, *Maclean's* correspondent, in Beirut, Lebanon. See *World*, page 28.

1991: Former Prime Minister, 78, of Canada in Toronto. After resigning from Ireland to Canada in 1967, Poole performed readings for Prime Minister

A halt to traffic in rumor

'An investigation can be done into your life without your permission'

By Andrew Allentuck

Most of us know what's in our credit reports by accident or by having the good luck to deal with firms that obey personal investigations acts—all of which require the firm that turns us down to tell us why, and where the credit or investigative report can be found. I know of no survey that has examined business' compliance with this rule, but I have concluded that it's seldom heeded. Your credit report or insurance investigation dossier can hurt you. Toronto investigator Murray Hahn says that Danora Club cancelled his card when it got a credit report on him: "I called Danora Club a couple of times and they just kept around the bush when I asked why I couldn't use my card! Finally, someone told me their records showed I'm a bankruptcy trustee and, of course I am."

The personal investigation industry possesses immense potential not only to harm business of credit, but to do harm in most provinces in which the report was done, is being done or will be done. Which is not unlike making burglary legal if the thief left, leaves or will leave his calling card. You see, in fact, rather damages to your reputation, finances and career and not even know why.

Last late December, Ontario's Royal Commission on the Confidentiality of Health Information made its findings public. After three years of investigation, Mr. Justice Herman Knepper produced an exposé of rampant abuse of privacy in Ontario's medical system, sometimes by insurance investigators posing as physicians to get intimate, detailed medical information. It was, said Pearl Peepert, an accounts-receivable clerk at Toronto's York-Fin General Hospital, testifying before the commission, a practice of a sleight employed by Equifax Dominion Ltd. to sell, under the name a physician, and get confidential information about patients. Equifax thought it had a right to know medical facts, and Douglas Stewart, vice-president of the firm.

Equifax, Inc. of Atlanta, Ga., and its Canadian subsidiary are information conglomerates. Other firms are in the investigation business, but Equifax alone has files on 39 million Americans and an estimated four million Canadians. These firms compete to provide supposedly representative biographies of people for as little as \$10. The investigations may probe the most subtle and intimate details of social habits, use of alcohol and neighborhood reputations.

Though investigations of the industry are not frequent, in 1974 U.S. Senator Harrison Schmitt, while in committee, found that investigators are expected to produce 15 to 30 reports a day. That gives them about 30 minutes per case,

including travel to interviews and dictating or typing reports. Equifax claims it uses confirmation of adverse information. Yet, in Dan Welch, a former Equifax investigator and now northern supervisor for the Ontario Human Rights Commission in Sudbury, remembers, "We didn't confirm negative information about people."

The Province's hearings revealed that Equifax investigators worked under quota systems to produce negative information. Though the company has denied that it has such strict one witness before the commission said that it was expected that 10 per cent of all cases investigated should be declined and that 10 to 16 per cent of all cases should have a promotional feature. Outright falsification sometimes happened, the hearings revealed, under the pressure of quotas. These things were not, of course, company policy, yet they happened because, with the high volume of reports in which Equifax deals, employees must produce to survive. As well, the need to pass subjective judgments on people led employees to conclusions in minutes that psychiatrists and physicians might have needed hours to reach. Significantly, the U.S. Federal Trade Commission, on Dec. 15, 1980, ordered Equifax to stop using an adverse information quota system.

Most provinces have laws controlling what personal investigations agencies and credit bureaus can say about people. But these laws are weak and often unenforceable. In most provinces personal investigations firms can report

accents before they have been judged by courts. In all provinces they can report details of lawsuits that may be years old. Most provinces allow consent of the names of people whose word has injured you. Remember the right to confront your senses—an old rule of common law? And, for the coup de grace of maximum rights, in Manitoba you can not even use a credit bureau or personal investigator firm for defamation if its error, no matter how costly to you, was done with the usual "care" criterion in the industry.

Consumer credit reporting laws must be reformed. Not only to protect consumers, but to ensure that the business community gets the accurate information it needs to make valid business decisions. That the traffic in rumor dignified as document will continue until government smacks this investigation industry product high-quality reports under procedures that respect consumer rights is too heavy. That need is, if urgent, nothing new. Writing in the *Harvard Law Review* in 1960, the great American lawyer and later Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis said, "Gossip is no longer the resource of the idle and the vicious, but has become a trade, which is pursued with industry as well as idleness."

Andrew Allentuck is a staff writer for *The Financial Post*.



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Since 1953, the Schenley Awards have recognized outstanding performance in Canadian Professional Football.

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MOST OUTSTANDING PLAYER

- 1950: Orin Brock, Winnipeg
- 1951: David Green, Montreal
- 1952: Terry Galarini, Ottawa
- 1953: Jerry Edwards, Hamilton
- 1954: Bob Lencovics, Saskatchewan
- 1955: Willie Davidson, Calgary
- 1956: Tim Fritzsche, Edmonton
- 1957: George McGovern, Edmonton
- 1958: Gailney Hestley, Hamilton
- 1959: Don Jones, Winnipeg
- 1960: Ron Lencovics, Saskatchewan
- 1961: Ross Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962: Bill Wilson, Toronto
- 1963: Peter Kovic, Calgary
- 1964: Ross Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965: George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1966: Lewis Coleman, Calgary
- 1967: Ross Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968: Guyton Dixon, Montreal
- 1969: Benny Faltusky, Montreal
- 1970: Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1971: Johnny Bright, Edmonton
- 1972: Jackie Parker, Edmonton
- 1973: Neil Patterson, Montreal
- 1974: Phil Mahoney, Montreal
- 1975: Sam Edworthy, Montreal
- 1976: Billy Wiest, Edmonton

MOST OUTSTANDING CANADIAN

- 1950: Gerry Deshaie, Montreal
- 1951: Dave Powell, Edmonton
- 1952: Terry Galarini, Ottawa
- 1953: Terry Galarini, Ottawa
- 1954: Stan Galarini, Ottawa
- 1955: Jim Riley, Ottawa
- 1956: Terry Galarini, Hamilton
- 1957: Larry Gryan, Ottawa
- 1958: Jim Jones, B.C.
- 1959: Terry Edwards, Montreal
- 1960: Jim Jones, B.C.
- 1961: Ross Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962: Ross Jackson, Ottawa
- 1963: Terry Edwards, Calgary
- 1964: Ross Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965: Ross Jackson, Hamilton
- 1966: Tommy Grant, Hamilton
- 1967: Ross Jackson, Ottawa
- 1968: Harvey White, Calgary
- 1969: Tim Fritzsche, Calgary
- 1970: Ron Stewart, Ottawa
- 1971: Ross Jackson, Ottawa
- 1972: Ross Jackson, Hamilton
- 1973: Gerry Jones, Winnipeg
- 1974: Murray Edwards, Edmonton

1955: Norman Knepp, Edmonton
1961: Gerry Jones, Winnipeg

MOST OUTSTANDING LINEMAN

- 1953: Ray Nelson, B.C.
- 1954: John Nelson, Calgary
- 1955: Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1956: John Nelson, Edmonton
- 1957: Alan Lefkowitz, Ottawa
- 1958: Bill McCowan, Saskatchewan
- 1959: Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1960: Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1961: Tim Brown, B.C.
- 1962: Tim Brown, B.C.
- 1963: Jim Brown, Hamilton
- 1964: Frank Ripley, Winnipeg
- 1965: Mark Gray, Edmonton
- 1966: Roger Nelson, Edmonton
- 1967: Don Lutz, Calgary
- 1968: Kaye Wright, Ottawa
- 1969: Kaye Wright, Ottawa
- 1970: Tim Galarini, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1950: Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1951: Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1952: Jim Gryan, Ottawa
- 1953: Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1954: Don Yachan, Montreal
- 1955: Charlie Turner, Edmonton
- 1956: Ed George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1950: Gus Kopylov, Edmonton
- 1951: Bert Zamboni, Hamilton
- 1952: Don Farnell, Edmonton
- 1953: Gus Kopylov, Edmonton
- 1954: Bill Baker, B.C.
- 1955: Gus Kopylov, Toronto
- 1956: John Nelson, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1950: William Miller, Winnipeg
- 1951: Ron Kelly, Edmonton
- 1952: Jim Galarini, Winnipeg
- 1953: Lew Ringle, B.C.
- 1954: Jim Jones, B.C.
- 1955: Tim Galarini, Ottawa
- 1956: Stan Galarini, Toronto
- 1957: Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1958: Chuck Ealey, Hamilton



Schenley Canada Inc.

Way station for friendly encounters

Lloyd and Wills Jones of Thunder Bay operate one of hostelling's liveliest crossroads

By Val Ross

A pair of human skulls lies on a shelf in one of the back rooms of the Longhouse Village Hostel just outside Thunder Bay. A hundred years old, the ghastly objects contribute to the touch and fibre bits of rock and human leather. Their eye sockets have been pored with loops of wire by the Bayak tribesmen of Saskatchewan. In order to hang them on their veranda. The skulls were presented to Lloyd and Wills Jones during their six years as missionaries and Baptist teachers in Bemis, Saskatchewan. Risk in Canada by the mid-'70s Lloyd was unable to find a teaching job, so the couple bought a motel and trailer camp in Thunder Bay, added a hostel and hung the skulls up by the window ledge in their combination hotel office and living room. Then one of their church friends convinced Lloyd that, as a Christian host and operator of a Canadian Hostelling Association (CHA) affiliate, he ought to take them down and donate them. Yet whenever Lloyd returns the skulls to show his guests, the hostellers seem to accept them almost as if their own kind—a bit battered, perhaps, from travel, but human objects nevertheless, to be held and regarded.

"Traveling outside the Holiday Inn 'No-Surprises' circuit teaches one to cope with culture shocks," observes Lloyd. "It's a great humander." Over the past few years, white South African travelers have expressed lively no-charges of news with blacks. Polish refugees have quietly revealed their war-torn escape stories, and yes, Western Canadians have fallen in love with Easterners at the Longhouse Hostel. Even the enthusiastic evangelist, Lloyd has come to think of his business as something of a new mission—"a place where you can believe again in the brotherhood of man." And humanity at all its risk variety—including, in the beginning, cigarettes brought by local police who thought the place was a Baptist-run flophouse—has been welcomed. "Two months ago," recalls Lloyd, "we had one guy with a wife and two kids come to stay. They were 'walkers.' They'd given away all their earthly possessions, totally reassured materialism. They were just walking and working."

Because conventional travel costs keep escalating, hostelling looks more



Neddy Lloyd and Wills Jones: venturing outside the 'No-Surprises' circuit

appealing than ever. The Canadian Hostelling Association currently has 20,000 members who pay \$11 a year for a membership card which gives them slightly reduced rates in hostels affiliated with the 60 national hostelling associations in the world. Canadian hostellers' ranks are rapidly compared to the 20,000 foreign hostellers who spend at least one night in a Canadian hostel last year, but says Kerry Meynien, CHA national technical director, "membership is growing steadily." This year

hostellers will pay from \$6 to \$16 a night (non-members pay about \$2 more). Drinking and smoking aren't allowed at hostels, and the dorms are usually segregated socially. Accommodation ranges from a converted jail in Ottawa to a spectacular former fishing lodge in Vancouver, B.C. By staying in hostels one can see the world for a song. One Longhouse guest, Alan Whelan, a 26-year-old pharmacist from New Zealand, looks up from his drying jar of steak and potatoes to point out that his daily budget—



Faithful voyagers inspect one another at breakfast: seasoned pot vultures

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The 1 Gold, 4 Silver and 1 Bronze Monde Selection Medals confirmed the excellence of Ron Carico Rum. It is bottled in Canada, using pure cane spirits imported from the Islands, with outstanding results.

An unproven weapon in the war on cancer

Scientists put a damper on high hopes for interferon

It was hailed as the wonder drug, the cure for every incurable illness, from cancer to the common cold. The hopes for interferon, however, were set too high; the death of Terry Fox last month was yet another illustration of its distributed promise. Fox's osteogenic sarcoma did not react positively to interferon, administered during the terminal phase of his prolonged illness. "It has not lived up to its expectations," confesses Charles Cullen, a spokesman for the American Cancer Society. "It does show some activity, but as greater than existing cancer treatments."

That sober assessment is sharply at odds with the euphoria that greeted the earliest test results. Working with interferon that was only one-tenth of one per cent pure, scientists seemed to have scored dramatic success in shrinking or arresting the growth of various types of cancer. The results of secondary tests were statistically disappointing, however, and the medical world was forced to issue a hard reappraisal pending further studies. It would be impossible to evaluate interferon's place in the meagre arsenal of cancer treatments. The early optimism had been misplaced—if not by pessimism, then certainly by a healthy realism.

These studies are now going forward with a vengeance. Using both human interferon, a naturally occurring protein that seems to activate the body's immunological system, and its genetically engineered facsimile, cancer researchers at half a dozen clinics in the U.S. want to render a conclusive verdict on the drug. Says Dr. Stephen Klebanoff, head of one of several trials sponsored by the National Cancer Institute (NCI): "We still feel it may ultimately have promise in treating some forms of cancer—lymphomas, breast cancer, multiple myeloma [primary tumors of the bone marrow]. But what it would stress is that we are still very much at the beginning of the process."

The NCI experiments are initially aimed at determining whether the drug itself is safe to give to humans, and at what dosage. Although interference was at first thought to be virtually free of hazards, the medical community has now concluded that there are some debilitating side effects—namely a head



Synthetic interferon worth \$200,000. Making interferon: healthy realism

of malaise that saps energy. Researchers also speculate that, at some level, interferon does exactly the opposite of what it is meant to do, instead of putting the body's disease-fighting mechanisms on alert, it seems to suppress them. "Perhaps," says Dr. Thomas Dief, who is co-ordinating interferon trials at Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, "the cause of earlier failures was the amount administered or the timing. We are years away from knowing what we need to know."

But it is more than dosages and schedules that remain to be resolved. There are, it now appears, at least three major varieties of interferon—alpha, beta, and gamma. The former two are relatively alike in composition, but the third exhibits quite different properties. Since the interferon given at the time of the earliest tests was so chemically sparse, researchers aren't sure what produced the positive reaction of the cancer, and what the side effects were. Even within the alpha family there are some eight or nine separate molecular species, each with distinct biological activity. It is a field of seemingly endless complexity.

Adds Dr. Thomas Merigan, who is overseeing four interferon studies at

Stanford University: "We also need to determine the optimum time for intervention. At what point is the evidence likely to be most active? The evidence so far is that the drug works best during early stages of the disease." Some scientists believe that interferon's greatest promise lies in the treatment of viruses, such as herpes, hepatitis, influenza and rubella. Among other experiments, Merigan recently completed a five-year program testing interferon against chronic hepatitis B, a viral illness. He has now embarked on a five-year follow-up controlled study, involving 350 patients, to see if interferon—in combination with a second drug called Ara-AMP—promotes long-term improvements for carriers of the disease.



One problem experimenters no longer face is the acute shortage of interferon itself. Thanks to recent developments in gene-splicing and other technologies, volumes of interferon can be produced at a fraction of what it cost only two years ago. Natural interferon, collected from blood cells and other human tissues, once cost up to \$150 for a daily injection. If interferon produced through gene-splicing goes into mass production, the cost could come down to as low as \$1 a shot.

One researcher in the field of genetic engineering estimates that supplies of interferon will increase by 500 to 1,000

times by 1985. Because of scarcity and expense, fewer than 300 patients in the United States and 50 in Canada have been treated with interferon. The volume of testing has increased, but even if it grows by tenfold in the next 18 months, as experts have predicted, interferon will still reach fewer than one per cent of the cancer victims in Canada and the United States.

The largest test at Canada will take place in British Columbia, where an interferon purification plant is expected to open in eight months. The plant, financed by the Terry Fox Medical Research Foundation (using \$2-million worth of shares in British Columbia Resources Investment Corp. as collateral), will purify partially processed lymphoblastoid interferon using technology supplied by the Wellcome Foundation of Britain. Wellcome has supplied an initial \$2,000,000 of purified interferon to launch a test program of the B.C. Cancer Control agency involving 80 to 100 patients in the first year. The B.C. government's investment involves a substantial risk since the drug is almost unproven and other companies in the field could beat Wellcome with better technology. Lymphoblastoid interferon is given from the tissue cultures of white blood cells. This is an older technology than the better published genetic engineering in which the genes of common bacteria are altered or "spliced" to cause them to manufacture interferon. For the moment, the Wellcome technology is just as efficient and reliable, but gene-splicing is widely considered to be the wave of the future.

As greater quantities of interferon produced from gene-splicing become available, tests are under way to determine if this synthetic interferon is as effective as its natural counterpart. On the basis of tests conducted on a small number of patients at Stanford and elsewhere, Dr. Merigan tentatively concludes that the synthetic interferon does contain "the active principle." But if it, he stresses, "needs much more work before we can—unequivocally—be sure."

It will take two to five years to solve the major mysteries. Says Dr. Hubert Silver, who is in charge of the B.C. research program: "It is most unlikely that this is the wonder drug that will cure cancer. People get carried away with enthusiasm when they hear about interferon. The important thing from our point of view is that expectations must be inflated." But no matter how hard scientists attempt to moderate excitement, interferon will remain a beacon of hope to those cancer victims who have no other.

—MICHAEL POSNER

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The sunset at Bora Bora is on the water. The yellow sky is white and it's a treat. The trip to your hotel could be the most beautiful you're in the world.

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In New Zealand they'll invite you right into their homes. And show you where to get answers that haven't already been put to you. Along the way you'll discover that the drier place is a lot better than you might expect. Launch for two at a quiet tavern in a forest at only \$16.

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On Rarotonga, the island where you'll find the most beautiful beaches.

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blending with British tradition for over a hundred years. You'll enjoy great day after day of shopping in New Zealand and a beautiful outdoor market in Auckland.

At night you can see movies (not on beds of hot rock). And dream of your final stop, Rarotonga in the Cook Islands.

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COVER

Both a strike and a blow

Into the fourth week, that all-too-familiar paralysis of the mail

By Tony Whittingham

I could have been a scene from a strike-torn pocket list anywhere in the world. The anger, the bitterness are always the same. For Winnipeg's courier driver Hanneke Bels, it means leaving her way to freedom with a crowbar last week, just so she could get on with doing her job. For the downtown Winnipeg postal workers through whose firm she was attempting to get an air way to make a delivery, it was a matter of settling scores with a snail. "They were joking at me and calling me dirty names," she said after escaping at her own. "They were really the animals, like every people I hope the strike lasts six months and they all go bankrupt and starve to death."

For Canadians there had such a direct, angry confrontation with the strike by 10,000 members of the Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW), but most are feeling resentful about the continuing inability of the post office management and workers to come to a contract agreement. An Canada's 1981 nationwide postal strike—the all-too-familiar paralysis of the country's most visible and all-pervasive public service—drags into its fourth week, national attention is focused again on the home psychological and economic costs inflicted by an apparently interminable labor dispute that few Canadians support and even fewer understand. With many a dissenting national or regional political intervention in Canada since 1968, many were pushed to agree with the disgruntled sentiments of Vancouver lawyer Rod Kerbel. "We're the laughing stock of the world."

For the average Canadian the day-to-day concern is simply one of inconvenience: the delay of letters, parcels, even the junk mail, the loss of that usual, regular flow in the front hall or the daily extension to the ladies or post office. But for thousands of businesses, and for the Canadian economy as a whole, the postal strike is like a breakdown of the central regulatory system—a halt in the vital flow of orders, invoices, bills, payments and all the

other instruments that form the lifeblood of a functioning economy. Though no hard statistics are yet compiled, the postal strike is likely costing more than \$9 million a day in lost business across Canada and has caused at least 20,000 job layoffs in her. Indeed, says Frank Ferguson, president of the Canadian Street Mail Association, layoffs will soar to six or seven times higher if the strike drags on into August as feared.



Many of those layoffs will be permanent, according to Walter Dorman of the Canadian Organization of Small Business, who estimates that more than 1,000 small businesses are being forced into bankruptcy every week the strike continues. Already strained to the breaking point by record high interest rates or loans necessary to carry inventory during the recent months of slow economic growth, many small businesses are now forced to seek additional lines of credit while payments languish in the mail sacks or simply aren't sent. "Make no mistake," warns Stephen Clark, chairman of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, "we are at the brink

of disaster. Unless a solution is found, and quickly, serious damage will be inflicted."

How quickly a solution can be found was the key issue preoccupying Parliament last week. The government finally invoked clause 11 of the terms of a Conservative Bill (today the summer recess) as the strike dragged on like a crowd-drawing in the July heat. What has become clear, even after a week in which several significant steps were taken toward solving the impasse (including the appointment of Judge Alan Gold as a mediator by both sides), is that settling grievances between the post office and hard-core CUPW negotiators may be the most challenging of all of Canadian labor.

What some labor observers find frustrating is that the current strike, which began June 29—two months after the previous annual five-cent contract expired—remains around several demands also made last March by CUPW's sister union, the Letter Carriers' Union of Canada (LCUC)—issues that were negotiated and settled unanimously without a strike. One of the key demands by both unions—17 weeks of paid maternity leave—was rejected by the mediator brought in during the LCUC negotiations, but eventually accepted by the CUPW mediator, Pierre Duhamel, after the letter carriers had settled, giving the government a convenient opportunity to choose the hard line.

"It's hard to say whether we would have been a strike even if things had gone the other way," says LCUC President Robert McGarry. "Generally, our members don't see themselves in the same state of constant conflict with post office management as CUPW members do, where the issues carry right through to negotiations." He adds, "We also find it a bit frustrating knowing the public blames our members—the postmen—do the strike when it isn't us. In fact, we're laid off long because of it."

The legacy of tension between post office management and inside workers, reaching back more than two decades, lies at the heart of every postal strike since 1968. It's a labor-management dis-

Maclean's
MAY 1984



Picketers outside a Vancouver courier service (below), Judge Gold (below left) of the central circuit system

pute no pretense that it inspires not only most Canadians but postal authorities in other countries as well. "Obviously things are far from perfect in our own system," says spokesperson Jacques O'Neill of the U.S. Postal Service in Washington, "but your situation absolutely baffles us." Those familiar with the workings of the post office in Canada blame the problems on a poisonous mixture of high-handed and parasitical management techniques with militant and inflexible union policies. "Looking at it from the outside," says economist Ian Weller of the Ontario Ministry of Labor, "it looks as if the two sides are totally determined to negotiate on almost every issue. In short, you have to wonder whether the union are even what's at stake in the negotiations."

This year both CUPW and the government (acting through its negotiating arm, the Treasury Board) seem to be trying out new strategies. Following last year's rare but expensive strike



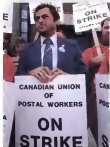
few settlement and the swift but bitter back-to-work legislation in 1976, the federal post this year seems to be based on "toughing out" a negotiated settlement, even if it prolongs the strike all summer—paralleling the painful 40-day CUPW strike in the fall of 1975. Both Postmaster-General André Gauthier, reported to be "auster" in negotiations, and future postmaster Michael Warren (see box, page 28), who is likely to remain behind until he assumes office Sept. 3, have been kept out of the negotiations



Striker blocking a truck carrying Priority Post of Toronto International Airport: "Nightingale of the world"

That job has been left to Treasury Board President Donald Johnston, former partner in a Montreal law firm that has been involved over the years in a number of high-profile post-management cases in both the public and private sectors. Meanwhile, CUPW President Jean-Claude Parrot (see box, page 19), although firm in his demands, has learned from his 1975 feud with Canadian Labour Congress President Dennis McDevitt that militant extremism from above will only alienate large segments of the labor movement and is thus adopting what seems to be a more moderate and reasonable personal style this year.

Underlying the government's strategy appears to be an attempt to extend the push for austerity and restraint through tight money and high interest rates into all sectors of the economy in the battle against inflation. While the actual cost of the CUPW demands demanded by CUPW would not be high—not as high, for example, as the CUPW



Parrot on Ottawa picket line, those who possess virtue those who possess not

The quiet radical

By Susan Riley

Jean-Claude Parrot—leader of one of the country's most militant unions—is an unlikely radical. He is small, quiet-spoken, pleasant, almost unassuming—a man far more concerned with the minutiae of contract negotiations than with ideological warfare or personal vengeance. In 1976, Parrot was jailed for defying government back-to-work legislation and became, overnight, a labor hero or a national villain—depending on the vagaries of public opinion. But even that experience has left him remarkably free of bitterness. Not that he trusts the bosses—“not for a minute.” We would all still be slaves if there was no union. There is no doubt in my mind that an employer is an employer and will always be an employer. It may be a class thing, but surely it is more a question of those who possess not wanting to share with others.” But when Parrot makes these kinds of comments—and that is about as philosophical as the 44-year-old former postal clerk ever gets—he speaks with reason.

In fact, under Parrot's quiet leadership, the Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW) is beginning to shed the wild-eyed image it earned when Joe "to hell with the public" Davidson, the fiery Scottish former coal miner, was president. Since taking over in 1975, Parrot has worked to end the union's internal divisions, re-establish friendly links with the labor establishment

and—since the bitter strike in 1976, at least—achieve something approaching respectability. However, the posties are still one of the most militant—and most despised—unions in the country. Since 1968, when CUPW was formed, there have been 13 labor disruptions—everything from major strikes to wildcat strikes that take two to three days, and this time around it is the government that is provoked, while Parrot usually stays in the background.

In fact, it is hard to understand why this strike is happening at all. By most reckoning, the union's demands—for improved vacation, maternity and health and safety provisions—are mild, certainly compared to the 75-year-old wage demands in 1975 that led to a 43-day national strike. Parrot says the government is using the posties to score political points, "to give the disson-



Davidson: "to hell with the public"

they are fighting people who are already well paid," and to divert attention from the failure of its monetary policy. Others see the posties and the government would revert to bedfalls over a comma, such as the legacy of mistrust. "Of course there is no trust," says Parrot, who adds that most of the government's negotiators "are so incompetent they wouldn't last a minute in the private sector."

Parrot joined the post office in Montreal in 1964 as a \$2,400-a-year clerk and two years later watched as the employer tried to nickel-and-dime his dying father—who a postal worker—out of his compensation pay. At first Parrot wasn't much interested in the union. "My whole life was sports. I didn't even read the newspapers"—but once he attended his first meeting he was hooked. He worked his way up the union hierarchy until he became vice-president to Joe Davidson, spending most of his time

"According to Treasury Board the average postal clerk earns \$16.7 of CUPW says the current average is \$22.00."

in the background, trying to learn English and conquer his anxiety attacks. "I was so shy I could hardly say two words to a group of people," he says. A link went that the year after he became president, Parrot achieved national prominence when he was jailed for defying government back-to-work legislation, introduced one day after the posties set up their picket lines in 1976. Parrot says about the year most he served in an Ottawa jail: "The difference between being in jail and working in the post office is that at least there are windows in jail." He didn't write a prison diary or reflect his political views, instead he wrote letters. He worked a job and played Ping-Pong. "The last day when I worked at the post office," in fact, Parrot didn't think much about politics until he moved to CUPW headquarters in Ottawa in the early '70s and people started asking him to lead himself. "I used to say I was a social democrat, then I'd say I'm more a socialist, but I am really a trade unionist first. I don't care what party you have in power—the Liberals, Conservatives, NDC, even the Communists—we will need a trade union movement."

Another trait of his faith is that: "You should never forget when you come from 'His union may be the only one in the country with a clause in its constitution prohibiting its officials from meeting alone with management reps, but the men on Bowdoin, they became corrupted. Parrot himself lives with his wife and two daughters in a modest three-bedroom townhouse in Ottawa's stringent rent area, and he earns \$20,000 a year. He has more than other union bosses and a prisoner compared to the \$350,000 Michael Warren will earn when he becomes head of the new post office Crown corporation this September."

Parrot, who tried unsuccessfully to rebuke Warren in the current negotiations—"He'll have to deal with the contract, after all"—is, an unusual speech of his new boss. But the union has been pushing for a Crown corporation for years, hoping to improve negotiations and improve postal service. Parrot is convinced it isn't the posties people hate, but rotten mail service. As for the prospects for labor peace after September, Parrot says Warren's chief challenge will come from the P.O.'s "incompetent" middle management rather than the union. The new boss has already struck a sour note by refusing to be drawn into the negotiations and by hinting loudly that Parrot was laying a trap for him. But however they feel about each other in the heat of this strike, there two very different men will have to learn to get along if the postal war isn't to continue interminably.



Mail destined for Canada piles up at a London post office (below left). Vancouver courier service sorting out bills



Postal in Fredericton bookstore: the postal strike has shut me down

entiment accepted voluntarily in last year's negotiations—the government is apparently reluctant to create a precedent among the more than 300,000 other civil servants in that scenario, little shiver of a public relations disaster, the government too broke ago announced (and still isn't 100% approved) pay increases for 80% of 31 per cent, for more than CIPP, or any other union,

Here comes the Crown

Michael Warren doesn't underestimate the odds of his ambition as he prepares to become first president of Canada Post Corporation this fall. There is a reasonable chance—not guaranteed, just a reasonable chance—of taking that most problem-ridden institution and changing it into a success story. "What gives Warren some hope of success is his assessment of what's wrong with the post office as a government department. Take labor relations. Like any other department, the post office has had to stand aside—almost a no-man's-land," Warren says. "As its labor contracts are negotiated by the Treasury Board under government spending breaks set by the Finance department. On the other side of the table, the Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW) of more than 28 postal unions knows that during any contract talks Parliament might well have the last word in writing a settlement, that's hardly an inducement to bargain sincerely. The upshot, too often, is a contract that will be postal management not workers like—a contract modified for conditions in which

has demanded this year.

Little wonder, then, that many Canadians are furious. Among them is Harry Hagley, who runs a news and used book business from an old-fashioned second-floor shop in downtown Fredericton. "I put a piece of paper in my typewriter recently and wrote a letter to the government demanding that my business go up 50 per cent next year," he says. "Then I realized the letter wouldn't even get there anyway." The mail-order trade is essential to Hagley's business. "The postal strike has shut me down," he says. "My business is gone without the post office." His old-fashioned street trade might not hurt but nothing more, and Hagley says he will not be able to last through the summer. George Grimes, president of Sovereign Products Ltd. of Cornwall, Ont., and co-president of the Canadian Direct Mail Marketing Association, says his small mail-order company is losing \$100,000 a day and has laid off 216 of 236 employees. Jack Pauls, controller for the Army & Navy Department Store Ltd. in Regina, says an eight-hour chaos in Western Canada with mail-order sales accounting for about 70 per cent of its total volume, in considering giving up altogether, partly because of the persistent unavailability of the postal service and frequent strikes. So far, half of the company's mail-order staff has



Canadians jump up at Elinor, Wash, post office a flood every two years

been laid off because of the strike. Among publishing companies, which frequently rely upon the mail for at least 75 per cent of magazine and newspaper subscriptions, *Saturday Night* magazine has suspended publication of its August issue, while *Ontario*, a children's magazine, is losing \$20,000 a day in subscription revenue and, along with several other magazines, "may not sub-

scribe to resort to postal settlements. Moreover, says Warren, the unions will have a stake in the success of the enterprise, no longer looked by intravenous subsidy to the public treasury. "Its survival will not be automatic." Future settlements must be related to Canada Post's performance. Warren wants the corporation at least to break even annually.

That means early postal rate increases planned and announced since have been delayed only because of the strike. Without those increases, the first in 2½ years, Warren says the post office deficit hitting about \$400 million this year and nearly \$1 billion in 1988—money that must be paid from government tax revenues. A profit-making post office is not unheard of. Australia's disturbed out of the red by doubling rates as soon as it became a Crown corporation. But Warren is looking for new business as well as cost-cutting with private firms. For example, in the expanding technology of electronic data transfer. Blasted though he is with a face full for a short ad, Warren will need the kind of a buffer when he starts rolling stamp prices. But he is not timid at all, he has spent his career in high-exposure government jobs. In Ontario, formerly as head of the Toronto Transit Commission. "I'm a professional manager," he says lightly, "and an amateur politician." —JOHN HAY



Refuse for businessmen and strike calling: those little business of Italy

by fall," according to Sherrell Chels of the Canadian Periodical Publishers Association.

For many businesses, the key to staying alive during a mail strike is to find alternate delivery services. Is a country with such an embarrassing reputation for unreliable mail service—even when the mail is running smoothly—it is hardly surprising to find Canada hampered with private courier and parcel delivery companies. While dozens pop up and disappear again with each new strike, the two largest will flourish after a dark flood, the big firms—particularly the five U.S.-owned giants—consolidate and grow larger (by about 30 per cent) after each strike. The five big courier companies—United Parcel Service, Paracel, Loomis, RSC and Emery—now encompass the country with hundreds of vehicles and aircraft. Some of them, according to angry CUPW members, even operate under subcontract to the post office to help run the government's Priority Mail service for premium-paying postal users. Not all concerns welcome the increased volume from the strike. Tom Edlin, vice-president of marketing for Locomex in Vancouver, says, "The postal strike doesn't do anything for us except drive the quality of service." And Ken Carlson of Choice Courier, a small Montreal delivery company, says "People drop you. The a state when the strike ends. Once the need passes no one wants to pay the bill." Other carriers can't help seeing the irony that even they need the mail to send out bills and receive payment.

Sometimes it's those little touches of irony that add to the lighter side of the postal strike. For other emerging Canadians, the strike has set off a reac-

tion of creative entrepreneurship. Dennis Brown, a 30-year-old Montrealer, has rented three postal substations in suburban Montreal shopping centres and is operating his own e-mail service. Similarly, 16-year-old Jeff Shoshon of St. Stephen, N.B., gathers mail from the Fredericton Chamber of Commerce and is driven 270 km across the border by his parents where his parents in Clinton, Me., for a modest commission. In Saskatchewan, the city of Swift Current has hired six students to deliver all city newspaper deliveries, while in Nova Scotia, a company called After School Projects Ltd. has expanded its normal handball delivery service, and with a staff of 120 high-school students, delivers letters for 20 cents each.

The strike has spawned services, too. Bill Metzger, proprietor of Spiritual Press of Toronto, has launched a string of lawsuits against all city government and union officials claiming past, pres-



Admission: laughing off a settlement

ent and future financial losses through postal interruptions. David Ingram, an accountant who ran successfully for mayor of Vancouver last November, left the West Coast in his mobile home but kept heading eastward, pulling behind him, in protest, a giant two-metre red mailbox, thousands of hand set hundreds of thousands of printed fliers with the message "We're mad and we're not going to take it anymore."

In some communities, the postal strike has even altered the basic rhythms of daily life. In Yellowknife, for example, the post office is the hub and meeting place of the community. Without the mail, the daily ritual has lost a vital spark. By contrast, in Blair, Wash., across the U.S. border from the Lower Mainland of British Columbia, the mail is the chief of commerce, sometimes as long as half an hour, with Canadians swelling post office volume by 600 per cent. Postmaster Ted Hightbrunner says he's used to Canadian flooding across the border to post let-



Postal with mail-order catalogue: when the lighted night new lands

ters or buy beer every year at two because of one strike or another.

That may be where any lighthearted view of Canada's postal strike should end. During each of the past five years, Canada has lost an average of more than seven million mail-days due to all strikes and other work stoppages. In three of those years, Canada's strike record was the worst in the Western industrial world, surpassed in the other two years only by Italy or Britain. Public sector strikes in Canada are fewer in number than strikes in the private sector—largely because most provincial governments do not permit strikes by government employees—but in spite of that, the number of man-days lost through postal strikes could by 1990 over the years be disproportionately high. Sometimes, scarcely referred to as the "Canadian disease," the postal strike has come to rank alongside federal-provincial resource disputes as a stain in international relations revealing Canada as a nation with an unfortunate tendency toward self-defection.

Whatever the outcome of the current postal strike—and the abrupt end of dispute last week means the strike will be settled by negotiation, or not at all—both sides are looking toward Sept. 1 before any real unclenching of the fist. The post office, newly incorporated as Canada Post Corporation, an autonomous Crown corporation, will get a fresh chance at putting its house in order. But the people in it will be the same. And unless they change, nothing will.

With Alex from Alex Basso, Peter Corbin, Gordon, Geoff Coates, Peter Deane, David Wilson, Gary, Dave Larkin, Alex McNeil, Patrick Reid, and James Fuller.



Warren: the lightning rod

different branches of the bureaucracy, one that breeds suspicion and tension in the post office.

When Warren takes over, he will have to fight his own labor battles. The cabinet, he expects, will say, "You've said before, you're the God damn lightning rod for hellfire." But his management will have the authority to bargain directly with the unions for the first time, and the unions won't be able



The gallery at Klenburg, Bell and McMichael was the change of hands a change that was long overdue?



executive director. Lutzmau quoted Robert Bantz, curator of culture and recreation: "This whole gallery has become an extension of Robert McMichael's whole being. Quite frankly, there has been the major difficulty in bringing about some changes that inevitably must come." Public support for McMichael—dedicated, "imaginative," "bright" and "generous"—filled the Shio's letters page, but six weeks later Michael Bell, a professional museum administrator whose credits include the National Gallery of Canada, was appointed director of the McMichael Collection.

Bell took over July 1 and made plans to bring the museum up to contemporary fire safety standards, installation of temperature and humidity controls, changes in lighting, appointment of "a competent person" to register new acquisitions and maintain an accurate inventory—and the replacement of Robert McMichael by a new

how's of protest from the Klenburg and Arts Business and Tourism Association, which stands to lose \$6 million a year if the museum closes, and there was inflated talk of "blocking" the workers when they showed up at the gallery. Ward Cornish, deputy minister of culture and recreation, spent weeks of last week seeking solutions and stressing that the \$4.5-million renovation program, (particularly fire safety measures for the 36,000 visitors claimed by the gallery each year, must be implemented, but also trying to find alternate sites in the area for some of the collection during renovations. By week's end, Director Bell was able to say, "There will be plenty of activity for the public here, and we are working with Klen and Sears to try to reduce the time of absolute closing, but we want to give the McMichael Collection the credibility within the museum community it really deserves."

As the McMichael Collection has grown over the years, its ownership has grown with it. At times the col-



lecting approached the executors of the obituary—with the acquisition of Tim Thomson's oil painting shack, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, and a mounted remains of Fred Varley, Lauren Harris, his wife, Bea, Franz Johnston, his wife, Florence, Arthur Lusser and Asa wife, Esther, and eventually A.Y. Jackson, who spent his last years with the McMichael as a kind of pathetic front exhibit. But the McMichael's dream of legendary Canadian art is a mythic Canadian setting could not shield them forever from the realities of safety, conservation and scholarship as defined by the modern museum world. Robert McMichael said last week "I think that after 25 years of dreaming in this collection, that the architecture, the environment, everything is being taken out of our hands." It also annoys the world beyond dreams, that the change was long overdue.

—RABBIT HALL

British Columbia

Sudden silence in the rain forest

The woods, sawmills and pulp mills are silent across British Columbia as is the province's largest industry sector in for a strike that could wreck the provincial economy. In Vancouver, \$200,000 a day in government revenue has been shut off, but it is in the small saw-mill industry towns, places dependent on the money made from logging taken out of the bush, that the strike will be felt first. Even in Vancouver, though, where the sound of a chain saw is never heard, a long forestry strike would have an impact. Twenty per cent of the crowded Lower Mainland's work force is employed by the woods industry, and a large part of the lumber and pulp produced by the province's 700 sawmills and its pulp and paper mills passes through the port. B.C. produces one-quarter of the world's pulp supply and is the largest net ex-



B.C.'s timber is a ginger group within

porter of lumber in the world. Last year, forest products were worth \$5.4 billion of the \$81 billion worth of goods shipped from B.C.

As the weather finally turned warm across the province, the first wave of the shutdown was marked by a feeling

Bargain run for a ferry queen

Officially, the Queen of Prince Rupert loses money for the British Columbia government on a fortnight run between Port Hardy in Vancouver Island, Prince Rupert and the Queen Charlotte Islands. On Aug. 14, though, the 450-passenger ferry will get the chance to lose even more money than usual after dealing with for a special route between Victoria and Vancouver. Northern ferry service is being disrupted so that B.C. Premier Bill Bennett can end a three-day premier's meeting with a flourish, using the small river to show off B.C.'s coastal fleet to the same other guests. The premiers, their wives, aides, the press and other governmental hangers-on will make up a crowd of about 200 which will rattle around the huge ferry on the six-hour trip to Vancouver.

The drummer has been strummed by both the New Democratic opposition and the ferry workers' union so an ex-spectative, even if they can't quite agree on how much the trip will cost Andy McKechnie, president of the B.C. Ferry and Marine Workers Union, thinks that had costs a lot more money for the trip will reach \$50,000. "That's an expensive treat for the premier and a waste of the taxpayers' money," he said. Besides that, the cruise is scheduled to take place two weeks after the union's contract runs out—so the entire



ferry fleet could be stricken, forcing the government to find another way of getting to Vancouver.

Even before the ferry workers came up with their estimate, the trip was putting the cost of the premier's cruise at \$200,000, including the revenue from the Queen of Prince Rupert's cancelled trips. "That sounds like socialist arithmetic to me and I never pay socialists to that," said Alex Fraser, B.C.'s minister of transportation. He was made with his own sense of wit, according. Since the northern ferry service loses money on each run, he said, the taxpayers were actually saving money by having the arrival of the Queen of Prince Rupert's trip cancelled. "I look at [the premier's cruise] as an invest-

ment after a frustration period of locomotives burning and buses without fuel. Early on, there was no friction on the highway and at Western Forest Products' Marpole sawmill in Vancouver, management even sprang \$32 for locomotives and pigs, setting up the pit for their striking activities outside the plant gates. At more than 12,000 woodworkers and pulp mill employees turned in their time cards for pocket signs, they received those to four weeks' vacation pay—and money went on a spending spree that store owners in the lumber towns knew would soon be replaced by a drop in sales.

But others took the shutdown more seriously. "I'm not even buying beer now," said 36-year-old Jim Larna, who works for MacMillan Bloedel in Port Alberni. Larna is a millwright, proud of what his skills mean in a Vancouver Island town where his employer has 5,700 workers and an annual payroll of more than \$11 million. He is a tradesman, one of the armaments of forestry workers and a member of a militant group that focused discontent over the companies' wage offer at a time when B.C.'s poorly inflation rate (14.2 per

cent, not a cent," he said. The B.C. Ferry Corporation itself isn't sure how much the government's public witness gesture will cost but at least says that tourists who would normally have travelled on the Queen of Prince Rupert can back passage on another ferry filling in for the diverted liner.

The NFP thinks the premiers should be democratic enough to rub shoulders with passengers travelling on regularly scheduled ferries running between the island and the mainland. But the government is holding firm. The Queen of Prince Rupert will be the star turn at the end of the conference, then ship back to her money-losing ways in the north—until the government decides it's time to show the flag again. —MACLEAN'S FILE



Joe Roberts and Bob Sannes 'picking' the boss bought the horsehoe

ent (as of June) was running about 6% of the cost of the country.

High interest rates have slowed down home-building in Canada as well as in Japan and the United States, two of the main foreign markets of B.C. lumber. With little chance of more sales the companies and they could suffer no more than a 30-per-cent increase over two years. That would give an ordinary worker \$32,128 in the second year of the contract while management would be paid \$32,577. It wasn't enough for the trade-

men. They want to widen the gap between skilled and unskilled workers. For union negotiation, the organization of skilled workers such as mechanics, electricians and millwrights into the Forestry Industry Trades Association (FITA) was an unsettling and surprising development. FITA cut across the jurisdictional lines of the two pulp unions and the woodworkers' union. Even within these unions the tradesmen form militant minority groups, which leaders negotiating with the forestry

companies cannot ignore. Jack Mason, the national president of the International Woodworkers of America (IWA), has nothing good to say about this special interest group within his 45,000-member union. "They're a pretty selfish bunch who don't hold elected positions," he said. "If they want to contribute, they should run for office and assume all the responsibilities." The emergence of a trades ginger group was an added complication in negotiations, which at times seemed likely to succeed. Forestry bargaining in B.C. has usually managed to avoid strikes but it is a complex procedure that involves different interest groups on both sides of the table. The IWA, the 6,500-member Canadian Paperworkers Union and the 7,800-member Pulp, Paper and Woodworkers of Canada negotiate separately and the two pulp unions are bitter rivals.

So far the provincial government has stayed out of the dispute, although it is heavily aware that a long strike would wreck Social Credit's most cherished commitment—a balanced budget—but it does have a precedent for intervention. In 1975, during the last big forestry strike, the New Democratic forced workers back into the woods and mills after a three-month shutdown. They also lost a general election called soon after the legislation returns to work.

—MALCOLM GRAY

Death by remote control

A 35-year-old unemployed woman named Denise Daniels was staying in the Exchange Cafe on Winnipeg's busy Main Street stop at 838 p.m. last New Year's Day when she got into an argument with her table mate. In the subsequent explanation, the 10-cm blade of a dental X-ray knife was introduced into Daniels' abdomen. The wound was minor, Daniels recovered and, since such occurrences are not uncommon in the rough-and-ready trade of this section of the city, the fact that Sandra Prince, 38, also unemployed, will face trial on a charge of attempted murder in September would scarcely pass with little comment. What makes the case of more than passing or personal interest, however, is that Daniels was no passive passenger and, five days later, gave premature birth to a son. The child lived for only 19 minutes and Prince faced herself in a Winnipeg court last week charged with manslaughter.

At an inquest last May, doctors and other medical records were subpoenaed by the Crown, and Judge Ian Deloche concluded that the stabbing had led re-

directly to the baby's death because the wound infected the fetus in the mother's uterine sac, leading to the premature birth. As well as attracting lovers of legal precedent, the case has evoked much interest among scientists on both sides of the abortion debate, even though Crown prosecutor Wayne Mykhawsky says that "neither the mother nor the doctors involved had

Denise Inyer Sander, a fish-fitting knife and came from Hong Kong



any abortion plan in mind. We'll simply try to show that, under the Criminal Code, the fetus had become a human being and the revolutionary act of killing it amounted to manslaughter." Patricia Soames, Manitoba, president of the League for Life, says that her law has a long tradition of going legal recognition of the unborn as people, "but there's still a kind of a schizophrenic attitude in this question. This case would clearly be an important implication if it legally recognized the death of the child as manslaughter." Meanwhile, Mykhawsky has been reading up on case law from Britain, Australia and even Hong Kong. "In England," he says, "the Nottingham Assizes of March 11, 1848, ruled that anyone feloniously attempting to procure an abortion and thereby causing the death of the child, whether or not it could sustain independent life, was guilty of the offense of murder."

Prince's preliminary hearing on the manslaughter charge will not likely be held before October and she has been released. Her lawyer, Barry Sander, says his client will plead not guilty. "The act worse of any similar situation in Canada that has given rise to a criminal charge of this nature. We have a lot of research ahead, but we'll certainly fight very hard." —PETER CARLEMAN-GARDNER

Should you drink if you're pregnant?

The question is very much in the news these days.

Studies are being done in many countries to determine the effect of alcohol on unborn children, but because the investigation is still so young, and because mothers' lifestyles are so varied, medical people have yet to reach a unanimous conclusion.

Now we're not doctors or scientists, but we have some good advice to offer you.

If you drink, it's more important than ever to be moderate. Too much beer, wine or spirits can be harmful to the child you're carrying—and not good for you, either.

Because you want to do what's best for both of you, you'd be wise to ask your doctor for guidelines. Then, of course, follow them—even if the decision is not to drink during your pregnancy.

After all, nothing is more worth celebrating than the birth of a healthy child.

Seagram

We believe in moderation and we've been saying so since 1934.



Poland chooses its path

In its first brush with democracy, Poland's Party Congress opted for reform

By Peter Lewis

After toiling for nearly a year to halt the ground swell of change in Poland, the nation's Communist Party last week chose to subside at the exotic fruit of democracy itself—and found the taste disturbingly sharp. Delegates to the party's Ninth Congress, summoned to Warsaw to draw up a crash program to pull Poland out of its economic morass, attended first to politics by kicking the reformists from the party's stalled machinery. In an unprecedented move in Eastern Europe, the party delegates—themselves freshly chosen for the first time—elected their officials by secret ballot. The result, announced Friday night, displayed a certain vindictive gleam: seven members of the previous 11-man ruling politburo were rebuffed from office by failing to win election to the party's Central Committee. One was Polish President Henryk Jablonski; another was an anti-



Congress in session: displaying a certain vindictive gleam

economic recovery plan. But in resolving political problems, straight away with the election of a leadership committed to change, the Congress made sure that eventual changes would not fall victim to the type of swinging between hard-liners and moderates that had recently paralyzed the party.

Poland's present economic miseries were very much in mind. However, as the Congress unfolded behind closed doors in Warsaw's towering Palace of Culture and Peace, streaming to the rostrum in the Congress hall, speakers among the 4,600 delegates perched with the party to take urgent steps to resolve a crisis that has brought a 15-per-cent drop in national income and mind-boggling food shortages. "Today our children are forgetting the taste of sweets tomorrow they may go hungry," cried Henryka Kubisi, one of the more than 300 women attending the meeting.

To most Poles, Kubi's warning was far more relevant to life in Poland today than the arcane deliberations on procedure that marked the first days of the Congress. For then, reality is wandering liberally where the next family meal is coming from. And the fact that the situation springs not from want of

money but from the lack of anything to spend it on makes it no easier to endure. The few goods that stray into stores are snapped up, leaving the tawdry shoppes with only tea and seasonable vegetables to buy. Even the black market, where prices soar to five times the state rate, can no longer guarantee a steady supply of goods.

On the whole, one finds that Polish society has held together remarkably well against the strains of recent months. Not only does the fire brigade still answer the phone but the state, despite the party's loss of power, has continued to work as quietly by itself, serving as a link against chaos. Poles claim that one blessing of the crisis has been a noticeable tightening of family ties in response to uncertainty. The suicide rate is down by half. But there has been a twofold rise in emigration by middle-class Poles whose skills serve as a passport to the West. This prompted Congress delegate Albin Szymula to declare that week, "If we do not enjoin our reforms we will lose our finest minds to emigration."

The reforms envisaged by the party are geared to putting the economy back on its feet in three years. But if they

assured they could also overturn a number of shibboleths of Communist society. It leaked out in the early stages of the Congress that the party wanted to fire workers in unproductive branches and shift them to jobs in mining and other export-generating industries.

But the prospect of making the labor market respond to the economy's needs is certain to cause unemployment, undermining the tenet of full employment so cherished in Communist ideology. Equally, the leadership let it be known it was thinking of announcing an immediate 50-per-cent rise in consumer prices to reduce the crippling inflation. Poles pay for subsidizing food and housing. The move would mark a first step toward forcing incentives to Polish farmers and industry to raise production. It also appears to depart from the Communist practice of cushioning people from material want, and sets Poland firmly on the road to a market economy.

The leadership emerging from the Ninth Congress will find itself strengthened not only by its fresh unity but also by the growing consensus that firm government is needed. One firm backer of the authorities' stance is to junk up the power will be Solidarity union chief Lech Walesa, who sees tougher government as the only bulwark against the Soviet Union and a credible guarantee to Poland's imperial neighbors in the West.

The party's first task could come even before it winks up the Congress. Duck-works on the Baltic announced last Friday that they would begin an offshore strike this week to obtain better working conditions, while the Polish seafarers' union declared it would ground its planes indefinitely from this Friday if the government persisted in refusing to allow its staffers to choose their own boss. Both conflicts strike at the heart of issues that arose from the turmoil created by last year's strikes—worker management and the right of workers to strike, if need be, to make the Gdansk agreements stick—and lay the government hand-to-hand with them as a pointer to the future.

The authorities, however, need to tread carefully. Last week's Congress may have succeeded, thanks to its democratic nature, in shoring up the party's position in the public eye, but the leadership could blow the credit overnight. "It governs properly the party will need to lose its role in future on an alliance with the forces of reason in the church, Solidarity and worker management," declared party secretary Mieczyslaw Rakowski, in the only speech at the Congress to truly electrify the delegates. He seemed to anticipate this moment saying at the wheel but heading the backseat driver's every word. □

Southeast Asia

An offer Hanoi could refuse

By not being greeted, we gained ground," exulted Ambassador T.H. Koh of Singapore last week at the end of the United Nations conference on Kampuchea (Cambodia). And although the refusal of Vietnam and the Soviet bloc states to participate had made the five-day meeting somewhat ill-fated from the start—after his suit was to seek sign to sign a withdrawal of 200,000 Vietnamese troops from Kampuchea—Koh's view reflected a consensus among the 87 participating delegations that the session had not been in vain. As a senior Thai diplomat explained, "Vietnam is trying to establish its predominant role in Kampuchea as a fait accompli, but a conference like this reminds Hanoi that it cannot do so."

If Vietnam needed such a reminder, it came most forcefully in the person of U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, who lashed out at the Vietnamese occupation of Kampuchea and Soviet financial support of it. Reducing the Russian administration's policy of leaving the

tables alone, for example, sought to appear conciliatory by inviting the pro-Vietnamese Heng Samrin regime in Phnom Penh, capital of Kampuchea, to participate as an observer with the leaders of the Khmer guerrilla forces who oppose it. There was no chance of him accepting, however, as Vietnamese envoy Ha Van Lam made clear when he denounced the proceedings as "illegal" on behalf of Vietnam, Kampuchea and Laos. Even so, China insisted that the Heng Samrin representatives should not be invited.

If ASEAN was edged by China on that score, Peking was equally unsettled by the behavior of the U.S. delegation—



Son Sen (top) and Haig meeting with Karpapatrak: a reminder for Hanoi

across on Vietnam, Haig insisted that the U.S. would never extend diplomatic recognition to Hanoi.

To be sure, the conference participants, including Canada's External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuire, had little trouble agreeing on the broad outline of a peace proposal: withdrawal of all foreign forces from Kampuchea, resuspended elections and international guarantees that any future entity would be independent and nonaligned. But where the consensus broke down—especially among China, the U.S. and the ASEAN states—was over strategy and

particularly a walkout from the General Assembly room by Haig and 15 representatives Jean Karpapatrak just as long Sam, the foreign minister for the former Pol Pot government and whose Khmer Rouge guerrilla operates in Kampuchea, took the floor to speak.

Out of deference to the other Khmer forces seated as observers (Son Sen of the Khmer Sereksa and in turn, speaking on behalf of Prince Norodom Sihanouk), Chinese seeing Foreign Minister Han Nanling was so severe in his speech to Pol Pot's former Democratic Kampuchea government. Yet in the corridors of the conference hall the Chinese lobbied hard to convince dele-

Representatives of the Philippines, Indonesia and Thailand



Grzegorz Gzinski: kicking cobwebs

tinous hard-line; Tadeusz Gzinski, who only a month ago had strongly challenged party chief Stanislaw Kania for the leadership. With Gzinski out of the way, the 14-year-old Kania easily won a fresh mandate.

The Congress, originally scheduled to last five days, took so much time in figuring out a procedure for elections—"Democracy is uncharted water for us," apologized Congress spokesman Wieslaw Bek—that by the weekend it had yet to get around to what Poles saw as the most: the party's much-mooted

that only military prestige could persuade Hanoi to get out of Kampuchea. Since Pol Pot's forces are the strongest militarily, they should figure prominently in any new anti-Vietnamese coalition government.

Still, without Vietnamese participation the conference achieved few practical results. Despite Ambassador Koh's confident prognosis, it appeared that armed conflict would be the only way to end Ho Chi Minh. —DAVID ROBINSON

Britain

The victor who didn't win

Delivering a famous pre-war parliamentary speech, former Labour foreign minister David Owen had called on the voters of Warrington to "speak for England" in their by-election verdict last week as Britain's fledgling Social Democratic Party (SDP)—founded barely five months ago by himself and three other ex-Labour ministers. The voters' reply was thunderous enough to shake Britain's two-party dominance to its roots and herald the once-unthinkable possibility of a new party gaining enough strength to form the next government.

An unexpected last farewell

Oh all the money that 'ere I've spent, I spent it in good company. And all of all the harm that 'ere I've done, And if I was to meet that sin.

Shortly before boarding a July 11 flight for Beirut, Lebanon, where he served as *Nation's* correspondent, Sean Patrick Toole, 48, replied several friends at a farewell party in Chicago with these words. Among others, from a haunting Irish ballad, *The Parting Glass*. They underlined the tragedy of the fate that awaited Toole in Beirut. Just three days later his hospitalized body was found in a gutter of Abdel Aziz Street in the Maronite section of the city.

The identities of Toole's killers remain a mystery. It is known, however, that the attack took place shortly after 1:30 a.m. last Tuesday as Toole returned home from the Cosmopolitan Hotel to his temporary quarters, not far from West Beirut apartments. Police are presently conducting an investigation, passing by an saying that a grey Volkswagen pulled up beside Toole in the deserted street, a passenger fired sev-



Labour leader Jenkins: no Labour seat is safe.

With a nationally known candidate in Roy Jenkins, former Labour chairman for the exchequer, home secretary and formerly European Commission president, the SDP was predicted to come a reasonable second, but Warrington, a manufacturing and redneck-chilling town about 22 km east of Liverpool, was considered a shoo-in for Labour. A few minutes after midnight last Thursday,

several shots into Toole's car with automatic weapons, then the car sped away. But judging from the report of Dr Ahmed Hammad, the medical examiner, that story is incomplete. Hammad said that while Toole had been shot in the back with a six-millimetre bullet, his body also bore signs of a fierce struggle including abrasions and puncture



Toole: brutally murdered in Beirut

wounds from an instrument resembling an ice pick. One Beirut newspaper reported that Toole was first forced into a car which drove him down a dark street, but the authenticity of that version of events remains unproven. As for a motive, robbery has been all

It became a shaky Labour victory. Jenkins had pulled in 48 per cent of the vote—more per cent more than the latest opinion poll had projected—to slush the 1979 electoral majority of Labour candidate Doug Hoyle from 10,975 to a slender 1,759. The hapless Conservative candidate, Stan Stennard, regaining the shattered record of winning seat employment under the Thatcher government, came a heart-failing third with 2,812 votes.

A jubilant Jenkins said that, although it was the first election he had lost in 35 years, it was "by far the greatest victory." William Rodgers, former transport minister, who with the rest of the so-called "gang of four" (Jenkins, Owen and Shirley Williams) quit the Labour party in January this year in protest of its leftward turn, declared euphorically there was now "a safe Labour seat in the country." The SDP had established itself as "an irresistible force in British politics."

Mid-term elections, of course, have often produced shocks for the governing party. But rarely has the principal opposition party taken such a beating as a first when the economic woe of the Thatcher government should make it an easy target. Labour's seat, Hoyle, evidently suffered the backlash of "betrayery"—fears of ex-spout Tony Benn, who is bidding for the deputy leadership of the party, and his left-wing activists. A left-wing trade union official himself,

but ruled out since Toole's tape recorder and watch were not taken. He carried no money that night, borrowing from his friends at the bar for drinks. And although journalists have been the targets of assassins in Beirut in the past—on June 6 Saeed Dehamsani, bureau chief for Reuters news agency, was seriously wounded and several Lebanese reporters have been slain—Toole's colleagues doubt that his articles were out of a nature to provoke an attack by any of the factions in the nation's civil war.

Born in County Mayo, Ireland, Toole was known for his strong accent, racy chinks and wonderful wit. Prior to going to the Middle East in October, 1966, he had worked at the Chicago Tribune, Reuters news agency in New York and the *Daily Mail* in London and was lately working as a free-lance writer for other U.S. and British newspapers as well as *Nation's* *Roll*. He is married, an best friend Bill Corrie put it, "an emigrant with no need of his but a sufferer in Dublin when he hadn't seen for 20 years. But the admiration for Toole from his colleagues was such that they had arranged for his body to be flown to Chicago for burial and an ongoing homicide investigation." —JAMES FLEMING

With Jim from Rome, Carlo and William Leventis.

Hoyle kept quiet about his choice for deputy leader during the campaign but loudly referred to laying a wreath on Lenin's tomb during a recent visit to Moscow. The ardently conservative choice, Stennard, who is a London bus driver, got nowhere with his tough law-and-order platform, although Warrington is close to the scene of last week's hair-raising Liverpool riots, during which police used tear gas for the first time in mainland Britain.

Revolutionary violence has not in the past been a reliable guide to future party prospects. But another by-election is looming in suburban London's North Croydon district—see the popular *Sunday Mirror* week in sight in fight of the Labour's corporate and let her run. (The two parties have forged an alliance and have an informal agreement to alternate in by-elections.)

Much can happen before the next national elections due by May, 1984, and both main parties are bound to concentrate on vote-laying politics before then, but the Social Democrats may find a happy omen in the fact that Lewis Carroll, author of *Through the Looking Glass*, was born near Warrington, in Lancashire. Cheering one of the nation's memorable lines in his classic fantasy was the White Queen's assertion that sometimes she believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. No doubt the pithiest Social Democrats are now following her example.

—CAROL KENNEDY

Israel

The high price of a promise

At the height of last month's Israeli general election, Prime Minister Menachem Begin promised that the three would soon come when the last Sabkha rocket had fallen on Qiyas Shamsan, the hooker town that has borne the brunt of the long-range warfare between Israel and the Palestinian guerrillas. It was interpreted as a hint that Israel's general election would soon launch an assault on bases of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) in southern Lebanon. Last week, Begin was clearly attempting to fulfill his boast—not with an armored invasion but with the heaviest use of artillery attacks on PLO positions since the Israeli invasion of 1978 and including, for the first time, the Beirut headquarters of PLO chief Yasser Arafat.

The cycle of violence began July 8 with the first Israeli air strike on PLO bases in southern Lebanon. The Palestinians' response, at first, was to de-

stroy a barrage of Israeli-made Katyusha rockets the Israeli navy had overthrown, killing three civilians and wounding 26. Qiyas Shamsan was one of the worst hit, along with the Mediterranean resort of Nabatieh. Begin, who clearly felt that his credibility was at stake, declared almost war on the PLO in a statement issued by his office. He said, "Under no circumstances will we tolerate such attacks and their consequences." He made clear that Israel would attack guerrilla bases even if they were located in civilian centers and added, "We shall give the enemy no rest until we have put an end to this bloody rampage."

The immediate outcome was last Thursday's bombardment of villages in northern Lebanon and a key bridge and oil facility in the coastal city of Sidon. Then, on Friday, the unprecedented assault on the PLO's Beirut headquarters was launched. Observers in Beirut re-



Begin (above) and destruction near PLO offices, calculated gamble



Begin (above) and destruction near PLO offices, calculated gamble

ported that the first American-made F-16 jets flew in from the Mediterranean at about mid-day, two high-flying eyes strutting like white other warplanes. Few is new to deliver their payloads in West Beirut. The bombers made two more runs over the guerrilla camp, dropping high-explosive and white-phos-

phorus bombs and set of the defenders' fire. Twenty-five minutes later, it was over. The Israeli pilots claimed they had destroyed the office building housing Arafat's staff and the pro-Soviet Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, and in Beirut reports were that they were heavily damaged. The week's toll, according to Lebanese officials, 300 dead and 800 injured.

Outraged by the assault, the Lebanese government made an urgent appeal for an emergency session of the United Nations Security Council. And on Saturday the 15-member states of that body termed the Israeli actions "unjustified" and urged their members to halt. Despite Israeli Ambassador Yehuda Avner's explanation that his country was acting to defend itself, Kiam was backed up by military officials in Jerusalem who claimed the offensive was its response to intelligence reports that the Palestinians were re-



Begin (above) and destruction near PLO offices, calculated gamble

ceiving massive supplies of sophisticated weapons from Libya, Syria and the Soviet Union in preparation for stepped-up raids into Israel.

At week's end, with no sign of an end to the hostilities, it was apparent that Begin had made a calculated gamble on the Arab shays confirming their notorious reluctance to be dragged into war beside the Palestinians. He also assumed that the White House would turn a blind eye to the use of American aircraft in hostilities, though the U.S. once again delayed its decision on whether to go ahead with a shipment of F-16 fighter bombers to Israel. The toll of civilian casualties, however, may yet force Begin to think again.

—EUGENE SILVER

Disaster borne on wings

An invasion of fruit flies threatens California's fruit crops



Helicopter spraying pesticide, maggots, and worker shipping fruit. Beyond control

By William Scottie

Panicked women fled the war zone as it drove. Howling protesters marched, shouting, "Stop death from the skies." Victims returned threatened to shoot down the raiding helicopters. And Jerry Brown, governor of America's richest state, did battle against the White House with Napoleonic fervor, working night after night on one host's sleep. The cause of all the grief? A tiny, invisible bug, the Mediterranean fruit fly, or Medfly, as it has become known, which threatens disaster to California's \$1.6-billion-a-year agriculture industry—"a disaster," said Brown last week, "of unprecedented proportions that could virtually shut down production" in the state.

After three years of eradication efforts the deadly-eve Medfly is alive and well in northern California. In fact, conceded Governor Brown last week, the majority crisis was "beyond control." President Ronald Reagan was asked to declare a vast stretch of the Golden State a major disaster area and risk in help. It was a sorry tip-off for Brown who is now being blamed for the whole mess. As long as six months ago, the governor was warned that, unless he allowed aerial spraying of the pesticide malathion on heavily populated areas infested by the fly, the plague would

spread. But Brown hedged, his political eye on a local constituency vital to his bid next year for the U.S. Senate. Worried residents were bitterly opposed to being sprayed with huge amounts of malathion, an insecticide called harmful by federal officials but believed by some experts to cause long-term damage to the nervous and genetic material in fetuses and infants.

Battle lines were drawn. On one side were Brown and the 3.5 million residents in the 600-square-mile quarantined area who had been ordered to strip and destroy every piece of fruit on their trees. On the other were the White House and the state's powerful agricultural clubs who were "outraged" by Brown's spraying ban. It took an ultimatum from U.S. Agriculture Secretary John Block to resolve the confrontation. Brown was forced to order spraying or face a statewide quarantine on all California produce. That would hurt farmers in the rich San Joaquin Valley at least \$400,000 and send food prices soaring across the U.S.

Brown's concern is a voracious, immensely prolific insect that lays an average of 40 eggs at a time into more than 200 varieties of fruits and vegetables. The eggs turn into maggots and destroy the produce. Nobody knows where the bug came from, but one shipment of supposedly sterile flies from



Fera turned out to contain fertile ones. This may have caused the current infestation.

So far, no attempts have been reported from the thickly malathion spray. Not even Brian Collins, the director of Civilian Conservation Corps who druck a handful of the stuff diked to surprising strength to show how harmless it is, has been sick. The one person who's really hurting is Governor Brown. His capitulation to the feds has angered the local residents he once claimed to be protecting. And his prosecution against the Medfly is becoming a problem of national dimensions, anguishing the big business interests who he expects to fend his difficult race for a Senate seat. Could the Medfly kill off Jerry Brown? ☐

A scandal in spookdom

A C.S. Lewis once observed, "Everything is a subject on which there is not much to be said." The influential British poet and novelist was surely not thinking about the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), home base for American espionage, but the remark is strangely appropriate. On the face of it, there is a good deal to be said about the CIA—its personnel, analysis, objectives, operations and effectiveness. But in fact so little is publicly known in all of those areas that discussion is soon reduced to safe speculation—no more fittingly—speculation.

It is with much caution that one might approach the agency's current controversy—last week's resignation of its deputy director of operations, Max Hugel, and the impending fortitude of the CIA director himself, William Casey. Hugel's hasty departure—so had been in the job less than two months—followed the publication of a *Washington Post* story alleging that, during 1974 and 1975, the former army intelligence officer manipulated trading in the stock of Brother International Corp. (BIC), a company he founded. He did so, the *Post* charged, by feeding insider knowledge of his firm's economic performance to Melville Securities, the Wall Street brokerage house retained to promote BIC stock. Later, Hugel allegedly arranged for a business associate to place five separate orders to purchase 50,000 shares so as to give the illusion of investor interest in the company. When the 1974 recession sharply devalued share prices on the exchange and put many Wall Street houses in jeopardy, Hugel directly furnished \$15,000 U.S. to Melville Securities to keep it afloat.

None of these activities, at a claimed, were revealed to other shareholders. Much of the *Post's* information came from Thomas Melville, the co-owner of the securities firm, who had attended several 1974 conversations with Hugel. Although Hugel has denied any wrongdoing, the tapes do appear incriminating. And few members of the American intelligence community were shocked to find a usually restraining deputy director's job is considered the most important post in spookdom, overseeing the entire range of clandestine operations, and Hugel was judged singularly unqualified for the position. He was apparently chosen—and rushed through the CIA's usually exhaustive screening process—at the express request of Casey, on the grounds that he needed someone he knew and trusted. Inevitably Casey's own judgment came into question: Those deals were aggressive.



Hugel, judged unqualified

rated by two judicial rulings last week which cited the 66-year-old former chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission as having knowingly misled would-be investors in the now-defunct Melville Securities, Inc. of which he was a director.

At week's end, the select committee on intelligence was probing the legal charges against Casey. If nothing more embarrassing is turned up, Casey will probably be allowed to stay on. He is a close confidant of Reagan's and at one stage helped direct his presidential election campaign. Officially, he is said to retain Reagan's confidence, but that can be withdrawn at very short notice.

—MICHAEL FISKE

Nightmare in Kansas City

It had all the earmarks of the disaster scene in a Hollywood disaster film. First came the crashing sound that rang through the lobby of Kansas City's luxury Hyatt Regency Hotel like a rolling drum of thunder. Then, as guests of unsurprising hotel patrons—some dining with an official floor balconies, others dancing to the weekly top-band The Doobie Brothers—watched in horror, steel girders crumpled and two cement skyscrapers spanning the hotel struts broke from their supports and collapsed in a magnificent shower of glass, burying 500 people with them. Next came the true sounds of the tragedy—muffled voices buried under tons of rubble. Women in evening gowns screaming for their husbands, fathers searching for their children. It happened so quickly that few in the five-story lobby had time to run to safety.

"I knew it was happening," said one dated hotel guest. "But something kept telling me that it couldn't happen, not

really. These things don't just happen to real people." Despite the fantastic nature of last week's disaster, the human toll was all too real. After an all-night rescue effort—which involved more than 1,000 workers—police reported that 111 were dead, more than 500 injured. The last slab was removed about 7:45 a.m. Saturday, and police Sgt. Jim Treese. "There were 31 bodies under that last slab."

The Ten Dances disaster was undoubtedly the worst in Kansas City's history, but for the American hotel industry it is just another in a string of calamities that have struck in the past year. Last August a bomb set by an extortionist ripped out the side of a Nevada hotel causing an estimated \$1 million in damage. A fire at Las Vegas' MGM Grand last November killed 34 and injured 700 and another fire at Stouffer's Inn in White Plains, N.Y., the following month claimed 80 lives.

There is little doubt that the aftermath of the tragedy will consist of countless lawsuits, millions of dollars of reconstruction work on the 550-million



Kansas City witness: sounds of tragedy

40-story hotel and massive soul-searching on the parts of architects and engineers as they try to discover the structural infirmity that led to the collapse. One thing is certain: Americans are shaking their heads in disbelief. Is a barrier enough to watch disasters such as *The Towering Inferno* or *The American Adventure* happen on the silver screen. It is one somewhat more removed to witness an Italian carabinieri roving villages for their blisful moments. For Americans, however, raised on the assumption of their technical ingenuity, the question asked by one survivor is pertinent: "How could this have happened here?"

—JAMES O'HARA



Skateboard ska band, The Village People (right), unfamiliar face

Seen transposing themselves last November from east and London, Eng., to a home base in Vancouver, The Village have stormed the country with an up-tempo, cocky, cynical version of ska, the musical predecessor to Jamaican reggae beat. "We came for the adventure of it, really," explains Village vocalist **Count Steve**. "Canada seems to be ready for us." The group is drawing critical praise and packed halls on its current tour, a back-to-back stop at the Rotenberg, Sask. legion hall. Demmed in plaid and pleated trousers, their skulls shaved to a buzz-cut britch, the skateboarders look the small, prime-time town by surprise. "They asked us what planet we were from, but they, none more so," says the Count. "Everyone was dancing, even some '80s-style guys." He dismisses the notion that skateheads are the instigators of the current rioting in Britain. "Skateheads are into fun, not fighting. Trouble's been brewing for a long time. Anyway, we're reformed villains—but then we're no angels. Know-11 means."

Her turn in a cast propped at right angles by a steel brace—a painful souvenir of a gymnast's May 17 attempt on her life—**Judith Wilson** last week ended what has been one of the longest and most bitter child custody battles in Saskatchewan. Wilson, 41, assembled reporters in Regina to announce she had consented to give custody of her 13-year-old son, **Rhys**, to her former husband, **Colin Thatcher**, 45, provincial MIA and son of **Rein Thatcher**, former premier. Adding to detailed profiles and court reports of the couple's divorce and ensuing custody battle, Wilson said she had been "personally terrorized" over the past eight months and could name

cases of vandalism and telephone harassment, in addition to being shot at the steeple in her kitchen. Speaking of her seven-year-old daughter, she said, "Stephane needs a healthy mother to care for her."

Her legs have caused a **Betty Grable**-like sensation, but her face is not familiar to thousands of **James Bond** fans entered into **Enter For Your Eyes Only**, the lower half of poster girl **Joyce Smith**. "Models often work anonymously, but it's a funny feeling to know these people are only on legs," says the 32-year-old New Yorker whose work for top modeling agency, **Wilhelmina**

Judith Wilson jangled custody



happy couple in postponing a honeymoon until Jasper's summer tourist rush is over and Helmy has finished planning his next feat—a \$5-million European exhibition of Canada's Eskimo and Indian art, scheduled to open next October in Holland.

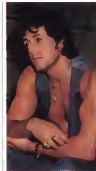
After telling all and then having it in the pages of *Playboy*, **Rita Jeannerie** is about to leave off discussing husband **Joe's** conception in the US. *American scandal* and, by before the movie can even in a woman's person called *Concave People*. "But it's not an exploitation film," claims Jeannerie. "I don't have to do anything like that." While admitting the part may have come to her because of her recent divorce, Jeannerie maintains, "The bottom line is talent." The top line we already know about.

"Cruel and brutal violence throughout, explicit sex scenes, depictions of child abuse," reads the B.C. censor's warning on advertisements for *Persephone* publisher **Bob Guccione's** film odyssey of Roman decadence, *Celo*.



Gordon in B.C.'s court memory

gelo in spirit of far perhaps beyond 21-hour the, the critically was a 21-hour film took in nearly \$100,000 in the first 12 days it played in Vancouver's restricted Granville Street. Not surprisingly, the city's self-appointed moral watchdog, the United Citizens for Integrity, are livid. Led by former alderman **Rev. Burnice Gordon**, 37, who last made headlines when she walked



'Rocky' in Stateline's Doris Gray

fully decked aramid rock suitcases on Wreck Beach, the group has been picketing the theatre trying to cause public outrage and police arrest. "We want to be a guarantee to see the film, the childlike comes as a breath of fresh air," says **Gerrard**. "To be frank, I just shoot up about three times." As yet, no one else has complained.

Adding a dash of sophistication to the rugged land that inspired the *Group of Seven*, **Parry Sound**, Ont., guests **Andrew Koppel** is gathering together 25 of his musical colleagues as the shores of Georgian Bay next week for the 17-day dance second annual *Festival of the Sound*. Tantalizing the eclectic palette of folkies, rockers and bluegrass will be impacts such as **Barbara Laine Gullie** and **Gino**, soprano **Barbara Landry** and Toronto *Southern* **harpist Judy Lomax**. For a splash of local color, **Scotts** has persuaded **Cherle Paquin**, alias **Don Murray**, to grace "Parry Hall." For the first time since he made it infamous 39 years ago, *Organizer Koppel* is optimistic about the festival's success and not at all fazed by the cost of big-name talent. "We pay them partly in money and partly in scenery."

There's no rest for the weary, especially if they are weary and lonely. Last week, while in New York to promote his new screen movie, *Verbal*, **Sylvester Stallone** was harassed on

Fifth Avenue by a man demanding money. "If they pay \$5 to see you," he roared, "they think they own stock in you." He blames his onscreen character, **Rocky**, which he now refers to as "my own little Doris Gray thing." Nonetheless, Stallone will return to the screen next summer in *Rocky III*, but there will be no *Rocky IV*, he says. By the way, Stallone has written a comedy called *Poli* based on the friendship between *Arthur* **Brennan** and comedian *Wally Cox* which he calls "the younger generation version of *The Odd Couple*." He's hoping to sign **Woody Allen** to play Cox to his own *Brenda*.

During the seven-year reign of **Mayor Janet Gray Hayes**, the city of San Jose, Calif., has become known as the "hottest capital of the world," with seven women politicians out of 11 on its city council. Then so, the recent strike by municipal employees over the issue of wage parity between men and women was won decisively by the city workers. **San Jose's** ruling spokespersons freely believed that "most of the pickets were militant feminists..." Upon representation *Produce Southall* saw it otherwise. "The problem doesn't lie with the workers but with women in leadership positions who are inexperienced," she says. Although the strike was settled in the latter first last week, a rocky re-union is expected. While placated reading of the matter was this is the worst of the worst of the world's worst, it is, this is an issue, their sentiments have not been forgotten. *Views Southall* "Come and see, people, we'll be rethinking certain direction from after."

"Why don't we just live him to write up some jobs. He's been making up better lines than these all afternoon," growled **Norman Maclean** last week on the set of CTV's new half-hour variety series, *Maclean*. **Tom**, **Maclean** was bawled with his singing partner, actor **Ray Adams**, during taping of the fall show. Then Maclean transformed the 45-year-old rockabilly king into a cowboy star complete with a live studio rodeo. The mountain man, 45, has become something of a re-entree star himself after his well-received movie series last year in *The River*. Previously known only as the songwriter behind the hits *The Posies* and *Jag to the World*, **Adams**' second profession is keeping him busy in appearing this week as *Good Doctor*, with **David Germain**. Acting in *Timothy* **Maclean**, **Maclean** had, had you the words, they say you where to move and then they pay you a whole lot of money. If that.

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

the Commonwealth's 280-metre backstroke record holder, explained, "All I wanted to do here was get on the German ship." She managed that by winning six gold medals, two as relay teams. "This is a fast pool and the teams have been slow. But because we aren't trying for an Olympics, World Championships or Commonwealth Games, this year a lot of the Americans really aren't in to top shape."

It was admittedly late in the meet that Graham Smith, the country's aquatic hero of the 1978 Edmonton Commonwealth Games, finally qualified for the team. He finished ahead of Baumann in the 200-metre individual medley but was disappointed with his and the team's times. "I've been wondering about it and I think there are three factors. The meet is early in the season, it's usually in August, there are an overwhelming number of errors because the standards were too slack, and we had to swim heats and finals. All the entries made the days too long and with the heats (rather than the swimming heats by times set before the meet), we had too much swimming." Competing in his 10th summer nationals, the grand old man of Canada's swimmers, at 38, is looking only so far ahead to the University Games next March. "You have swimmers here to be a bit crazy. You



Ward selling Canada's record: a majority swimming through the championship

spend 20 hours a week in a pool, where you're 90-per-cent dead, 50-per-cent blind, never talking to anyone, going back and forth staring at a black line on the bottom. I wonder," he laughs. "What the long-term psychological effects are." For now, Smith thanks the Canadian program as in good shape. "We're strong with Garapick and Gibbins, the other women and young swimmers, the other women and young swimmers like Baumann, Smith, Dan Henning (who set a new Canadian record in the 200-metre backstroke) and Peter

Ward (who set a new Canadian record in the 200-metre butterfly)." The veteran is optimistic about next week's meet. "The most important thing is that going overseas will be a great experience for the younger swimmers. We will have a chance to train overseas together for once a week, and representing the country, facing the Soviets, will do wonders for the team psyche, and therefore the times if it doesn't happen, would we have a chance to beat the Soviets? Hell no!"

forward Dave Hinks, 31, a veteran star of international play. But the Vancouver Canucks had negotiated with the two players before the agreement was announced, and learning that the Canucks had not signed the new agreement, promptly signed Bieble and Hinks. What had once been political and ideological sparring suddenly became a heated sportsfide dispute.

The Backs and Jets involved charges of tampering with the league office, the Canucks threatened to take the league to court, Alan Eagleson, executive director of the NHL Players Association, threatened to challenge the legitimacy of the Canucks draft if the Canucks won and Bieble said he wouldn't come if Hinks wasn't to be a team-mate.

NHL President John Ziegler kidded with general managers John Milford of the Canucks, John Ferguson of the Jets and Billy MacMillan of the Rockies in Chicago last week and struck a deal that sees the Canucks retaining the Canucks, sending forward Brent Ashton and their fourth-round pick in the 1982 NHL Entry Draft to the Jets, who then traded Ashton and their third-round pick to the Jets in exchange for forward Len Lofgren. As a result, Bieble and Hinks were together, the Jets and the Rockies squarely mollified, the threat of court cases defused, Ziegler's credibility intact—and the Canucks still hadn't signed the agreement. —H.Q.



Ziegler: sparring, capitalistic dispute

This spring, Marvin Stastny, the third member of a line that was considered one of the best in international hockey, joined his brothers in Quebec City after defecting with his family in Switzerland. It was quickly explained that his contract had been signed along with his younger brothers, long before the new agreement. The draft of Canucks was Bieble, 35, the Colorado Rockies selected Jan Bieble, 35, who came together "one of the eight best defencemen in the world," and the Winnipeg Jets selected

A fight over names on paper

The relationship between pro hockey and the Czechoslovakian Ice Hockey Federation has long been a peculiar one. It started in 1974 when star centre Václav Štěpánek and forward Richard Pádr defected and joined the Toronto Stars of the now-defunct World Hockey Association, making ostracism Prague. In 1975, goals Jim Cuka and last year's defenceman Štěpánek joined the Toronto Maple Leafs. In accordance with NHL policy, the Leafs compensated the Czech Federation with two cheques for \$50,000. Periodically, they have yet to be cashed. These last summer Peter and Anton Stastny of the Czech national team, jumped into a car outside an arena in Innsbruck, Austria, and roved to Vietnam with representatives of the Quebec Nordiques.

In a move to stave what threatened to become a tide of defections, the NHL and the Czechs reached an agreement: the Canucks would offer certain players to be drafted by the NHL and be compensated for them. In return, the NHL would waive the increasingly competitive pursuit of defectors and not sign any others until they had been put out of hockey for 18 months. Then come Marian

BUSINESS

Sprucing up the green giant

CP buys another chunk of forest



Senior product of nationhood

More serious than the spruce budworm, Canadian conglomerate-owners continue to devour the country's forest companies in a way that further concentrates an already merger-prone industry. The latest instance was last week's acquisition of the giant Quebec-based Canadian International Paper Co. (CIP) by Canadian Pacific Enterprises Ltd., a subsidiary of Canadian Pacific (CP) Ltd., which this year took over General Motors in sales as the biggest corporation operating in Canada. Why CP Ltd. would pay \$1.5 billion for the Canadian subsidiary of New York's International Paper Co. (IP) had some analysts puzzled. Though extensive, CP's 28 mills and plants are well-matched compared to those of forestry industry leader MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., purchased last April for \$650 million by Hancock Mining Ltd., or those of the country's biggest paper maker, Abitibi-Price Inc., sold in March to Olympia and York Investments Ltd. for \$560 million. But the real prize as the CP deal is the company's outright ownership of 14

million acres of forest—principally in Quebec and New Brunswick—and cutting rights on another 9.8 million acres of Crown land.

For Canada, the expected completion of the sale this fall means parting with an important resource operation from foreign ownership. In part, the transaction was the product of economic nationalism on both sides of the border and economic pressures within Canada itself. Canadian Pacific's fourth-largest share, Ian Sinclair, had first named for British Columbia's MacMillan Bloedel but broke off in 1979 in the face of anti-CP Ltd. bluster by Premier Bill Bennett, whose provincial parliament was strongly critical when Toronto's Noranda agreed to buy MacMillan's months later. CP Ltd. again ran into fanatical resistance this spring when it tried to buy American kitchen equipment producer Hobart Inc. In acquiring CP, Canadian Pacific Ltd. is making its first major investment in Quebec since the Parti Quebecois came to power in 1976.

CP's parent, International Paper, also has its home base at heart in selling its Canadian subsidiary, which made before-tax profits of \$150 million last year, to a consortium of \$1.5-billion. The sale follows the U.S. corporation's decision to relieve the burden of its five-year \$4-billion program to improve U.S. forests. Still, CP spokesman John Gaudin says "It was very much as if we could not reduce in the best interest of our shareholders." —DAVID THOMAS

A super Nova's blinding light

Holly H's ever-amplifying character, Bob Hark, is in a buying mood. Just last month he put the finishing touches on a deal for Uni-Tec Petroleum Corp. for \$275 million. Last week, he topped off four months of "friendly" negotiations with Calgary-based Shell Explorers, a wholly owned subsidiary of Shell Oil Co. of Houston, Tex., and announced he was spending \$400 million to acquire all its Canadian

offshore holdings in addition to such holdings as the Nova Scotia Shelf, there is a 20 per-cent interest in the proposed \$13-billion Alameda oil sands mining project as well as other oil sands properties—notably a patch at Peace River, Alta., considered one of the best deep oil sands deposits in the world. But Sinclair, the man who outmaneuvered a herd of major oil companies to get his Alaska Highway natural gas pipeline approved and who was out over Petro-Canada in the purchase of Husky a few years back—can't fathom Last week's move to acquire Husky. Shell's parent owned by Nova Corp. of Calgary, to become the largest heavy-oil producer in the country and one of the major exporters of the East Coast.

Shady's new involvement in Alameda is expected to give the project, valued for nearly two years because of the federal-provincial energy dispute, added momentum. As long as there's the prospect of an energy-price agreement this fall, the nine-member Alameda consortium, meeting this Wednesday in Calgary is expected to keep the project alive. In the off-shore regions, Husky now has a run at two prime areas on the East Coast, the promising but deep

Husky's Shell exploration is a trend



under Black north of Hibernia and the Beaufort Shelf, where abundant natural gas reserves are believed to exist. All the same, the Shell may become one of the biggest players on the West Coast where a decade-old drilling mania is imported to be lifted soon.

In it, the Shell acquisition completes "the second part of the triangle," says Hark, and preliminary discussions have been held with several joint ventures, such as Petro-Canada and Shell, with an eye to acquisition or merger. Says Hark: "By 1990 Husky will be one of the top-ranking three or four oil companies in Canada—for sure." —GORDON LOGG

Lament for a nation

Even royalty fails to decide or con us anymore

By Roderick McQueen

I have this theory about life. Two things, actually. The first: Canadians will put up with nearly anything. The second: in the five-star Canadiana will muddle along minus just about everything else. Look at the facts. The National Association of Broadcast Employees and Technicians has handpicked the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, for, who knows, two months. The Knowledge National comes an solemn like with no computer-generated news, one lousy microphone and five swiggy news anchors cranking. The whole thing appears to be produced with one camera that's bolted to the floor. At the recent New Democratic Party convention in Vancouver, delegates were urged to inspect reporters' accreditation badges just to say such one types could, presumably, be tattooed with the letter S, like so many runaway slaves. Beyond each polling station, the strike has gone unnoted across Canada.

Then, some 1,500 white paramours will converge on The Blackfrost. Since's economic summit this week at Moncton, the world's largest log cabin. There will be so much lack-gapping and self-serving rhetoric from the insiders that the only possible description of coverage can be given to general security will be so tight that frogs will patrol the splash of water around the eternal flame as Parliament Hill burns, beyond Canada.

Why, the Queen Mum, Princess Margaret Rose and her lovely daughter, the Lady Doodah, were able to slip in and out of the country earlier this month with a minimum of pleases and pangs. Royalty fails to decide or con us as good as baseball. So reversed a foreign sport that Canadians offer as much respect for *The Star-Spangled Banner* as for *O Canada* before each game, how could it get along without the all-star game or the silly school brass band of Mountie Court on Monday Night Baseball. More than a month is how long. And mourning. That other great Cana-

dian entertainment staple, right after Yankee Stadium and Buckingham Palace, is Hollywood. Scriptwriters settled their three-month strike last week, but some good reviews will not until Christmas. No matter, this time through we'll know whether it's there or tears being called for, and when.

In British Columbia, 85,000 members of the International Woodworkers of America walked out last week in a dispute that may quickly affect up to 300,000 jobs from lunch to boardroom.



Once among the most roofless unions, these days even the Woodies toss up few protests and fewer parades as they walk the picket lines. As for the country's most thoughtful daily journal, annual publication for 66 days and a strike-bound Radio-Canada barked along for eight months. Most Canadians took little note our long remembered.

Even the violence of Northern Ireland fades as the sixth hunger strike dies, ending here motion for the daring defiance of life that so riveted as in Bobby Sands two short months ago. Perhaps it was Canadians about whom the French philosopher Foucault of La Rochefoucauld spoke: "It is remarkable with what fortitude we are able to bear the misfortune of others."

There doesn't even seem to be much ruckus from that eternal friction zone, the federal Tories, these days. No longer is it true, as Conservator Mr. Elmer MacKay once said, "You know how serving so that all of us have got this

unfortunate tendency, when we see a macrophone, to think that they're sap-ple, and we rush right over to them and try to put them in our mouths before we have time to think."

Finally, there's that granddaddy of all the pavements, the road strike. The old joke: "Fatal strike? How can you tell?" surfaces loudly, then sinks. Who cares? Certainly not those folks in Ottawa who just voted themselves a one-third pay increase.

Maybe once the road flows and the CBC shifts and the politicians throw out the first baseball of the second season they'll be able to tell us why it was that they voted themselves so rich. At these new rates of pay, Joe Clark will never quit. As for Pierre Trudeau, the money doesn't matter. What he still needs, before he'll step down, is a successor who will pardon him.

Upstream critics, as oil riggers, that charges rip-offs, bankrupt gasolin places, skyrocketing wage controls. He has punishing interest rates, double-digit inflation, one million unemployed, negative growth — the list goes

on but the moral outrage never begins. And there are so many more zones in a growing list of stereotypes to which the response has long been apathy: 480 arrests under the 1970 War Measures Act. Second World War internment of Japanese Canadians, the brown cross of the 1930s, decades of neglect of native peoples.

Any one of them should be enough to make a northern man's cold blood boil. Not same day.

Perhaps, as Irving Layton writes in *Europe and Other Bad News*, "We live in a time when almost everyone has survived the silent war." Or maybe the answer is more simple. As former Progressive Conservative leader, Robert Stanfield said of the speeches at a 1935 roast in his honor: "No one has really laid a glove on me. It only proves, as Macleod King once said, you cannot roast a well-blanket." Well, Macleod. An apt description of us all. That's why it's tough to set the heater on fire in this country.



Campari.
Just a little
bit bitter.



Campari and soda. Campari and orange juice. Whichever way you first try it, Campari may taste a little bit bitter. But the second time, the bitter becomes a little bit better. In short, the way to discover Campari is little by little.

A vexing quest for art-room hazards

Worried about unseen dangers in classroom art supplies, teachers call for action



Toronto day-care centre: children under 12 are especially vulnerable

By Lesley Krueger

While Michael McCann visited a friend's New York art-screening class in 1974, he shared two experiences with the young students delighting in their art and a bad headache. The delight was natural enough, but the Toronto-born chemist wondered what caused the children's chronic headaches. This question would lead the New York-based McCann into a seven-year crusade against hazardous art products, which has since awakened teacher concern and—just last month—the start of voluntary labeling and toxicity controls in the art materials industry. McCann exists both as villainous, but his first victory was at that Lower East Side classroom where he recommended better ventilation. The headaches ceased. Explains McCann, "These children were drunk on fumes from the solvent."

Teachers have long been concerned about hazards in art classrooms (and, for that matter, science laboratories and gymnasiums). But identifying art hazards has been a particular problem because of lax testing and poor labeling of American products, imported because of the lack of a domestic industry and used in Canadian schools. For instance, many cheap children's crayons can cause a long-lasting stain, which is not a health hazard, but it is a cosmetic one. The stain is not a health hazard, but it is a cosmetic one. The stain is not a health hazard, but it is a cosmetic one.

nerve-damaging x-bone (an ingredient well known to glue sniffers) in rubber cement. Many ceramic glazes contain toxic metals (among them lead, cadmium and zinc chromate), but teachers don't know which ones. Jay Turner Loke, of the U.S. Artists Equity Association, has a simple diagnosis of the problem: art materials manufacturers have always labeled acutely poisonous materials, but only lately has research implicated long-term buildup of previously unsuspected toxins. "The research on emphasis from concern about acute toxicity to chronic toxicity caught manufacturers flat-footed," she says. Art materials manufacturers don't just protect for chronic toxicity, she points out, and seldom list contents so that others can do so.

Canada imports these poorly labeled products in bulk. And a peculiarly Canadian twist complicates matters: because federal, provincial and local authorities can all test products, mislabeled products are easily missed. Premier testing responsibility lies in Ontario with the product safety branch of the department of consumer and corporate affairs. According to product safety officer Catherine McCreight, expert documents are inspected to check product conformity with Canadian law, and spot tests carried out on items inspectors buy off the shelves. But, says McCreight, the government relies largely on the manufacturer. "We

can't test everything," she says, which means hazards can slip and pass undetected.

Left worrying about the undetected hazards are local school boards. Provincial governments are simply middlemen, which test some suspect products and routinely distribute federal or foreign test results to local authorities. But school boards are legally liable for injury suffered in the schools. No art and materials have yet been filed, but physical education suits filed by students injured in physical education classes—among them a \$90,000 case in Prince George, B.C.—have left school trustees scared. Now, says visual arts co-ordinator Bill Stradick of the Scarborough, Ont., board of education, they



McCann, a crusader for cleaner tablets

follow up every rumor—hard enough for the big boards, responsible for evaluating—to try to fill gaps left by federal tests.

Boards' active involvement in product testing started 12 years ago with a risk remains the biggest issue to date. A risk used by elementary school children to make puppet heads was found to contain cancer-causing asbestos. "And that blew the lid off," according to communications director Charles Giesbe of the Vancouver school board. Case followed case. Three years ago a mild-pig paint used—and sometimes eaten—by young schoolchildren was found to contain a pesticide. "Now they've got rid of the pesticide," says Scarborough's Stradick, "and replaced it with a food preservative, some say causes cancer. I don't believe that, but I have to check it out."

Giesbe observes that a type of corrosion had found toxic in Vancouver. But, he adds, boards don't like this responsibility. For one thing, it's expensive. Giesbe says the testing of art hazards accounts for "a surprisingly large part" of the board's \$2.8-billion contract with the Vancouver Board of Health. For another, boards fear lawsuits from manufacturers claiming their banned product is innocent.

What, then, is to be done? A big step was taken this January when responsible art materials companies agreed to voluntary controls. Loke, who heads the artists and manufacturers group that explored the regulations, says the agreement was largely due to the threat of mandatory federal controls, although Executive Director Howard Lundstrom of the U.S. National Art Materials Trade Association (NAMA) cites another reason: "bad publicity." Fear of more bad press makes NAMA manufacturers counsel Chairman Patrick Indoneo release all assessment: "My company [Lundstrom & Smith, makers of Chromacolor, sued in no withdrawal from the public arena for a while."

Last month Loke's committee voted to hire an independent toxicologist to test test products, and to phase in standardized voluntary labeling starting next January. But, business expert McCann points out that not all manufacturers have said they will comply. So for the well-known M. Graham and S. Strathmore companies are co-operating. Loke won't yet name the holdouts, it says they can be considered. Adds McCann: "I'm still actively in favor of mandatory controls. That way you can be sure if it doesn't have a warning, it can't be toxic."

In the meantime, however, McCann urges care and substitution. Children under 12, whose small bodies absorb fat more quickly, should be vigilantly protected—for example, they should not be allowed to use a ceramic glaze. "Why not let them paste their pots?" Once students are old enough to be taught to use safe techniques and protective equipment in arts such as silkscreening, where exposure to toxins is inevitable.

Such caution is now filtering into schools—and is not lost on art teachers in British Columbia, the B.C. Teachers Federation is planning to bargain for the first time this fall for better working conditions. Says B.C. Art Teachers Association President Robert Giesbe: "We're at the classroom I don't know how many years, and we need to make sure we're safe there." Adds McCann: "We probably still don't know all the toxins, but for the first time I'm starting to see progress in dealing with the ones we do know." ◇

Doctors take on impotence

No longer are all sufferers viewed as psychiatric cases



Rein with a sex: a normal life for men once thought unobtainable

By Pamela Harrison

For the 57-year-old film-maker it was a predictable diagnosis: "Impotence is just part of getting old." His family doctor named him Dr. George Taub. Diagnosed Director of fiscal research in reproductive endocrinology at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital, he wondered whether some undetected disease might be making his one patient impotent. It turned out a tumor was to blame—and a testis's one, at that. "Most impotence isn't from lack of desire," says Taub. "It's from damage to the glands." "I've always always suspect some organic cause, particularly in the older man."

Until recently, doctors believed that 80 per cent of impotence was psychologically caused, and viewed men like Taub's patient as misdiagnosed for the psychiatrist's couch. Yet today more impotence than ever before is being treated medically, and efforts at restoring the reason are gaining momentum. The reason begins with the medical profession itself. With the recent recognition that a man need not lose his sexual desire with advancing years, the medical community has finally decided it may be able to improve his performance. Meanwhile, the discovery that normal men have three to five erections nightly during rapid eye movement sleep has done much to separate organic and psychological impotence. If a man's difficulty is primarily psychological, a stimulating device will reveal that he still has normal erections during sleep, when there is no pressure to perform. Though they caution that impotence can never

be traced to a single cause, some doctors now feel that 30 per cent of cases are organically rooted. A few say the percentage may be over 40 per cent.

If qualifying its organic causes still provokes debate, the extent of impotence does not. As many as 25 per cent of men over 65 have difficulties with erections. Younger men are also vulnerable, at least 65 per cent of men between the ages of 30 and 45 have reasons to worry, although many will never admit their concern to a physician. For male diabetes, nerve degeneration and early vascular disease pose special risks. 30 per cent of diabetic men face a lifetime of impotence.

Heretofore poor prey are perhaps the most easily identifiable and treatable cases of organic impotence. Some 60 per cent of men with endocrine disorders respond to hormone therapy if they have other endocrine disease. Low levels of testosterone and, more recently, high levels of prolactin (usually produced by a pituitary tumor) have been linked to diminished desire and potency. Tests have successfully treated low levels of testosterone with replacement hormonal therapy and high levels of prolactin with drugs. Yet identification still awaits the cause. Only last year, Dr. Richard Spark, associate professor at the Harvard school of medicine, reported that 185 respondent men had been treated with 25 per cent previously undetected hormonal disorders. All but four responded with treatment.

A more common and perplexing cause of impotence is inadequate circulation. "We know if you have vascular insufficiency,"

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cathy it will give you stroke, heart attack or leg pain," says Toronto activist Dr. John Rankin. "What we're now beginning to realize is that it will give you impotence as well." Not surprisingly, impaired erections often accompany heart disease. A 1980 U.S. study found that of 112 men with hardening of the arteries, over 50 per cent had difficulties with potency.

If blood pressure in the penis is low, chances are that the vessels feeding the penis are fatty or partially blocked. A recently developed ultrasound probe has helped physicians to pinpoint the problem. Treatment, however, is far more complex. Surgeons have been trying to improve circulation in the penis through bypassing blocked arteries as they do in heart surgery, or through

A seemingly drastic procedure—the surgical implantation of a penis prosthesis—is already resolving impotence that responds to no other therapy. Young diabetics, especially, can benefit. "Though we'll counsel the patient about the risk of having diabetic children, he can have a normal married life," says Rankin.

The most widely used prosthesis, even after 10 years on the market, consists of two semirigid silicone rods that produce an almost perfect success rate after implantation. But as Dr. Douglas Arslanian, a Montreal urologist, observes, this device may be more perfect than any athletic man would wish it leaves the patient with a semipermanent erection. By contrast, a more recent silicone model allows a man to in-

Admission with implants (left) Beauvillon; allogeneic advances was treatment



bringing in new vein grafts and hooking them up to a main artery in the thigh. Although these procedures are still experimental, a group in France has reported encouraging results.

But Canadian urologists are skeptical of current revascularization techniques. Most patients have extensive vascular disease, they say. And while bypassing one or two blocked arteries may be feasible, "bypassing many is not—especially since the long vessels involved predictably clot after surgery. One microsurgeon who is not intimidated by the technical difficulties is Dr. Gilles Beauvillon of Montreal. While the two operations Beauvillon has performed so far worked for only three men the before the arteries became blocked again, he hasn't lost hope. Says he: "I'm going to do [the operation] again."



flate two implanted cylinders by pumping in a small device inside the scrotum. This device fluid from a reservoir in his belly into the cylinders, when they are full, the man has an erection. A release valve on the pump allows him to reverse the process. "The hydraulic pumps are broken and take more time to get in," comments Arslanian. "There are also more complications—and they cost \$2,000 to \$3,000, compared to \$200 to \$300 for the other model."

Although personal health gives so far over the cost of both surgery and prosthesis, a man seeking surgical correction of his impotence may have to wait in line. Specialists who treat the problem are still a minority and so remedy is fast, easy or comfortable. But if some patients feel that the treatment doesn't justify the effort, others—none in their 70s, according to Arslanian—are grateful that the medical community has finally opened doors other than the psychiatrist's. ☐

JUSTICE



Return at Stoneyhenge mansion, barbershops, sports and group therapy for one year

Reprives for addicts

A therapeutic centre prompts leniency for drug offenders

By Boyd Neil

Three days after being paroled from Midburn maximum security penitentiary, drug addict Gary McMahon robbed Toronto's Canteen Restaurant at knife point. Appearing in Toronto before Judge Stephen Brown last December, McMahon pleaded guilty but asked for an extraordinarily lenient sentence—two years less a day in reformatory and the chance for day parole to attend Stoneyhenge Therapeutic Community. Repeating McMahon's lengthy record of robbery and trafficking offences, Judge Brown consented.

In a parole hearing, Judge Anthony Charlton last month sentenced Daniel Summers of Toronto to two years less a day with a recommendation for Stoneyhenge treatment on a day parole basis. Summers had been convicted of three counts of armed robbery. While Charlton has acted moderately in previous drug offences, Duane Martin, the lawyer who defended both McMahon and Summers, claims, "There is no doubt it was the involvement of Stoneyhenge that convinced these judges to be lenient."

Choosing an unquoted 70-per-cent success rate in rehabilitating convicted drug addicts, Stoneyhenge Therapeutic Community has no improved judges that in at least a dozen cases over the past two years they have imposed their usual tough-indefinite on drug

related offences when the addict has sought treatment there. Other Canadian drug treatment institutions usually admit to only four to six per cent success in achieving lasting cures. Testifying to Stoneyhenge's growing reputation in correctional circles, Al Bennett of the National Parole Board in Kingston, Ont., comments, "We get calls from parole officers across the country who want to know if we send their prisoners to Stoneyhenge."

First opened in 1977 on a farm near

Walter Stoneyhenge reforms courts



Cambridge, Ont., Stoneyhenge is in the process of moving to its third location—a mansion near Guelph, Ont., that can house 26 patients. And tightly kept community of addicts who submit to treatment voluntarily. Stoneyhenge can do what other facilities can not. Explains the centre's executive director, social worker Neal Bates: "We remove the addict from the drug subculture [in the prison and on the street] and replace that with a drug-free community environment where everybody makes decisions concerning the well-being of the community." Apart from intensive group therapy sessions, residents participate in sports, grounds maintenance and the raising of barnyard animals, all designed to restore self-esteem and a sense of social responsibility. Other treatment centres pale by comparison. Typical of most, Toronto's Addiction Research Foundation (ARF) doesn't have the facilities to remove addicts from the street. In general, the ARF's programs treat only hard to sin addicts, and expose heroin patients to yet another addictive drug, methadone.

Undermined drug-related crime has also provoked national interest in adopting more flexible drug sentencing systems. Since 1976, police believe there has been a drastic increase in drug offences. During the same period, the number of break and enters involving the prescription narcotic Dilaudid more than doubled, and the number of lower series of drug arrests grew by 3,500. And in some places judges are asking demand in just the past six months. 630 traffickers have responded on the streets of Calgary and Edmonton.

In the armed robberies, break and enters and trafficking offences that commonly accompany an expensive drug habit are now being added to increased white-collar crimes: prescription forgeries and frauds and "double dipping." Prescription narcotics such as Percocet and Dilaudid are the main targets. Last year Toronto alone experienced 600 frauds involving prescriptions, 40 armed robberies and 600 break and enters of pharmacies and doctors' offices. Complaints James Palmer, president of the Metropolitan Toronto Physicians' Association and a lobbyist for stiffer sentences for drug addicts who commit crimes. "It is our view that pharmacists have taken the place of banks in the addict's mind."

Undiminished the spirit of deterrence in the hands of the lower court judges who must choose either to impose a punitive sentence or to recommend the larger term solution of rehabilitation. Traditionally, the appellate courts have been fairly modest in their sentencing drug addicts should result in a sentence of imprisonment. There are signs,

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Who determines interest rates?

The difference between the cost of borrowing money from depositors (interest paid out) and the income from lending money out (interest received) is called the "spread."

It's the spread which provides banks with most of their income.

The interest rates which create this spread are largely determined by complex market forces that affect the demand for money and the supply of money. A major influence on the rates is the federal government which through its agent, the Bank of Canada or central bank, establishes monetary policy in response to international conditions and to the needs of the country.

Importance of foreign trade. More than a quarter of Canada's gross national product (GNP) is generated in exports, and Canadian banks have a strong presence and well developed expertise in international banking.

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Pelco's pharmacy break-up proving

however, that independent of Storch's particular success, Canadian courts are beginning to recognize alternatives to imprisonment. Recent cases in Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia indicate that, as Toronto lawyer Jeffrey Leon observes, "the courts have become more sophisticated in their sentencing of drug offenders." In Alberta, where the courts have previously been reluctant to give discharges even in simple marijuana cases, Edmonton lawyer Sheila Gieseler feels that "lower court judges are prepared to deal more moderately with drug offences if rehabilitation is a possibility."

Not everyone looks favorably on the courts' mercy or Storch's break-through, however. Ted Thompson, counsel to the Ontario attorney general, is concerned about the courts not giving prison sentences to drug traffickers. "A graduate of Storch's, and one of the first to receive a suspended sentence for trafficking in heroin, has recently been arrested again and charged with trafficking," says Thompson. "This type of recidivism concerns us." And speaking for many pharmacists, Peleni adds, "We are seriously worried that the courts are too soft in offences involving pharmacies."

Sending addicts to the penitentiary, where (they argue) are readily available, does little to halt drug-related crime, but alternative alternatives are scarce. In British Columbia the Heceta Treatment Act, first introduced in 1978, Canada's only attempt at establishing a compulsory rehabilitation program, was never implemented. Because the program would have devalued the trade a commercial institution, it implied unacceptable coercion. And as Neil Banton is fond of reminding judges, "Subjecting an addict to treatment in prison, no matter how well intentioned, destroys what little motivation he has."

LIVING

Opting for the budget cut

Barbara Brodwin, a clerical worker unemployed for the past month, had been increasingly reluctant to part with the usual \$5 charged by her Toronto hair stylist. Despite her cut and "financially embarrassed," she was visited recently by a sign in a Yonge Street hairdresser's window that democratically announced: budget crisis: \$4 FOR EVERYONE - A LITTLE HAIR FOR YOUR MIND. Brodwin took a chance, stepped into Magenta's

salon and enjoyed a break because "In some of our outlets," Sharon claims, "people wait up to two hours to get a cut." All services are a la carte. For the \$6 fee, the customer receives a shampoo (the Lady De lab is a more feature). For the full treatment of a shampoo and a blow-dry, a client pays another \$6—still a bargain when compared to Vidal Sassoon's hefty \$38 for the same service.

Not surprisingly, the chains found



Shawn with a full gallop of clients: "We're the McDonald's of haircutting."

and patiently awaited her turn. Within 15 leisurely minutes, the stylist had snipped and shaped Brodwin's hair. Says she: "The cut was just the same as I would have got at the other place."

Magenta's and its competitor, Superdip, are the newest wave in a no-frills haircutting trend that has burgeoned in the past year. With about 16 shopping mall outlets between them in Ontario alone, both have plans to expand across the country. (Two Superdip salons have just opened in Winnipeg.) "We're the McDonald's of haircutting," says Magenta's General Manager Alan Shawn. The success chains are able to stay afloat financially by shearing heads quickly and keeping the décor to a minimum. In Brodwin's case, she surveyed the snug surroundings of her regular salon with its brown velvet couch and track lighting for Magenta's austere mirrored walls and functional black-jerol chairs.

Judging by the long queues, the

their reputations in trend-conscious California, where 80 shoppings are ubiquitous. Jim Tucker, a Superdip owner, studied the idea there for a year and then opened his chain here. Shawn was similarly intrigued after a visit to the West Coast, so much so that he quit his former job as a condominium developer.

"I'd never been involved in hairdressing before, but I knew it was a great idea," Alan Shawn says. The no-frills uniforms even to be noticed, Christopher Ford, a stylist with 17 years' experience who works at Malibu's, an exclusive salon in Toronto, refuses to believe the quality is comparable. "It's a lie," he says. "You can give a good cut in 10 minutes, but you need to be able to spend 45 if necessary." But Shawn argues that his franchise does not opt for free exclusive hairdressers out of business. Nor will it mean the corner barber will lose all its customers. Explains Shawn: "We're simply trying to fill the void between the two."

—BARBARA LAWLER

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FILMS

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Movie: how comedy ad, especially with a butter to play cupid

ARTHUR

Directed by Steve Gordon

Steve Gordon, who wrote as well as directed *Arthur*, is a relative newcomer with a spicily far, and understanding of the conventions of '80s and '90s romantic comedies and a genuine gift for light, sophisticated dialogue. *Arthur*, which is about a misbegotten, over-the-top comedian, owes a great deal to these early movies in which the main character risks his sanity to become a star.

Directed by John Gilling playing the old Charles Colson role from *The Move* (the *Merrill*), a wise man who knows that money isn't everything. When he arranges for Linda to crash Arthur's engagement party, he joins a long line of writers but honestly good-gracious restaurateurs. Linda, of course, arrives at the outrageous mansion in a cab and for a moment you expect something as terrible as *Irma Gump*, dressed in a fright of an outfit and chewing wads of gum, breaking up Cary Grant's engagement to one of the honey set in *The Day After Tomorrow*. Steve Gordon manages a sort of a good deal. "I like a living room, you can land a plane in," says a cool but somewhat Linda. However, for all his talent, he can't follow up on the line and keep the rhythm of the scene going. *Arthur* turns wealth into the biggest joke of all: "What's my role?" grows a brain at the office ship counter where Linda works. "I'm har-

ing it misogrammed," she replies. The rich get richer and the poor get all the good lines.

Though he's often hilarious, Dudley Moore as the perpetually blonde playboy who lives by money and basketball is the same character who fumbled his way through *It*—it's good but somewhat stilted. As Linda, Lisa Monetti is too strong for a supporting role; the movie's too small for her to breathe. Gilling, as Hobbes, is to the movie like "It," tweets a looker peeping out from under Arthur's sheets. "You have a marvelous economy with words," Hobbes replies.

Steve Gordon has something to learn about economy in camera work; often there will be a long shot when we want to see the expression on faces when people talk. In comedy it's best to keep it simple. He should also stop feeling the need to point out some of the corny Frank Capra moments such as, "You grow up when you fall in love." But he knows a hell of a lot already—he knows the art of the working in.

—LAURENCE O'LEARY

Failing with great promise

ALLIGATOR SHOES

Directed by Clay Borris

Alligator Shoes were a little bit, it would have a little bit right in the middle of its forebrain. Written and directed by Toronto filmmaker Clay Borris, and produced on a shoestring budget of \$250,000, this is a film that's very good when it's good, but hardly the



James: integrity and personal waste

apathy and become parents in a larger story. Maria Braun, her love for her lost husband unrequited, throws herself headlong into business, earning Willy, the girl who becomes famous as Lili Marleen by singing the song of the same name (songs played by Hansi Schygall), has been separated from her one great love as well. The difference is that the barely talented Willy has success thrust upon her—She's Maria Braun kotenowned, but lucky.

Fuchsbinder keeps interesting Willa's rise within the Reich hierarchy and to stardom, with the subversion of her lover, Robert Gimmelfarb Gimmelfarb, into the Jewish underground in Switzerland. Yet the director seems so detached from his material that the lovers' passion seems more a plot ploy than the governing emotion.

There is no denying that Fassbinder can do everything short of tap dances with a camera. There are elegant tracking and dolly shots, scenes filtered and distorted through panes of glass, and gauzy cinematography catching light splashing off virtually every object in sight. All of this cinematic doodling comes to very little. When somebody lights a cigarette in *Leviathan* it's like the special effects at the end of *Barbarosa of the Lost Ark*.

Willie used to be the Polish as a means of boasting morale, but when it's decided her song doesn't fit into the concept of Nathaniel Sventoslav she becomes somewhat useless. The minute she does, she is very, useful to the Jewish underground, smuggling a piece of film out of Poland for them. During her extraordinary mission all Willie can think about is her beloved Robert. After all, his *My Mother's* is "just a song" in her Memo while Robert has been sought and tortured in a room where a broken record of the song loops endlessly, replaying Nathaniel's hopelessly naive song.

So do we for that matter. That dance song keeps coming back. Amazingly, Pasterkamp has neglected to show what it meant to others. During the performance of it (which are very poorly staged) the director, in a grade-Z move, keeps cutting to dew-eyed soldiers and the carnage of war. The man will be argued that this is true. However, many civilians, repeated and without subtitles comes close to shock.

Making his most expensive and commercial film, Fassbinder needs to have less interest in the project before it was begun. When Wille finally has the chance to be reunited with her lover, fate has different plans for her, as it did for Maria Braun. Robert has now become a conductor and he's conducting Wagner's *Annihilation*. That is as close as *Leb Mythen* comes to life. It has no heart and, come to think of it, not much of a head either. —LAURENCE O'TOOLE

DANCE

Sighting of a star

Kevin Pugh is home from Moscow, having outdone Augustus



People: Ideal person with white coat

When National Ballet artistic Kevin Pugh captured the senior men's prize medal at last month's prestigious Krasnoyarsk International Ballet Competition, moving higher than the last Frank Augustin, who won the title 10 years earlier, not many might have been wishing on the majority of Canadians. To outsiders, however, the announcement came as no surprise. Rudolph Nureyev had cast the spotlight on the young black dancer two years earlier, following Pugh's dazzling New York debut as the Blackbird in Nureyev's production of *The Sleeping Beauty*. Accepting a bouquet during certain calls, the volatile Nureyev enthusiastically roared the Swans to Pugh.

That single bouquet blossomed into a deluge of poems last month when Russian intellectuals showered Pugh and partner Kimberly Glass, the senior women's silver medalist, with flowers during 12 curtain calls for their *Don Quixote pas de deux*. It was this same competition that had launched the partnership of then unknown Karen Kato and Frank Augustine in 1973, with Kato earning the senior women's silver

medal as sharing first prize with Agnieszka for their pain de sucre work. This year, as usual, the Russians dominated the jury selections of 22 finalists, chosen from 306 promising dancers. Given the preponderance of Russian juries and the Soviets' partially lowered their competitors, Pagli's and Glaser's reception and achievement were overwhelming. The Soviet newspaper *Pravda* hailed Pagli's "rare sense of style." His quicksilver technique, breathtaking elevation and musical elegance led one American dancer reviewer to exclaim, "Now that's what ballet is all about."

The Bobbins obviously agreed, extending a rare invitation to the partners to return for a guest appearance. The 1990s, however, were a different story. "I'm a little bit of a prope! person," the dancer, 33, says. "I don't like the general runks, his recognition raises an old and controversial question: can audiences reconcile a black prince partnering a white vice queen?" Not long ago, Pugh's answer was "no." But now, he says, "this kind of role is not offered. Black dancers, traditionally not allowed leading roles in the classics with companies such as the National, have had to make their own way." In 1992, Pugh and Dancin' Theatre's co-artistic director, David Thorne, and Harlowe, the first black classical company, were founded for this purpose. In 1993, Celia Cruz, founder and past director of the National Ballet, resigned to return to Cuba. "I think there have been an abundance of far more black dancers in partnership, some female and vice versa, but I can't imagine nowadays that anyone would dance it. Certainly you have to take into account the fact that the National Ballet was founded by Alexander Grant, artistic director of the National Ballet, during Pugh's time in the company's repertoire. "A lot of people have been dancing the role, but I suspect few to 10 percent."

Pugh, who left his native Indiana at 14 for the National Ballet School, admits, "When I came here I thought I might have problems regarding color." Now, after two promotions in three years with the company, Pugh is receiving a leading role in *Nagaji*, the new work for the fall season. "Kevin's technique appears effortless," says Betty Clapham, National Ballet School principal and Moscow native, of her former pupil. "He soars into the air and the difficulty is hidden under the presentation of ease." Once again, Moscow has sent home a star. —DANIEL BOWMAN

BOOKS

Witnesses for a saner defence

NATIONAL DEFENSE

by Janet Palfrey
(Random House, \$16.95)

SOLVENCY THE PRICE OF SURVIVAL.

by Anna Chiao
(Random House, \$17.99)

In participants in the growing literary debate currently gathering momentum in the United States range from concerned housewives at the Phil Donahue show to politicians and generals speaking in numbers (most notably, the 100,000 soldiers in Vietnam). But, however, most contrived as may be, the disturbing fear stems in common: a proliferation of clichés and ideological certainties, and a lack of clearheaded analysis. Happily, for Americans and their doubters alike, the new generation of published books have done much to dispel the rhetorical fog. In *Northern Delinquency*, James Fallows, erstwhile speech writer for President Jimmy Carter, examines the U.S. defense establishment, in Soviet and American eyes, in the light of the *Foreign Affairs* magazine, responses to the flap side of the security race. U.S. foreign policy. Both may delve into the historical and intellectual background and emerge with insights that are as timely as they are pertinent to the Reagan administration.

Most Americans are aware that their military forces are in a state of disrepair. They have heard tales of apparent waste (such as \$80 million [U.S.] budgeted for marching bands) and incompetence (soldiers who have trouble driving tanks and firing missiles). Fol-

lows, is graceful, well-researched prose, digs deeper and calls into question the basic premises held dear by the defense

establishment. It is not enough, he argues, to shove money from the skies, as Reagan, with a defense budget of \$1.6 trillion over the next five years, certainly in Defense demands must be made with three realities in mind. First, the economy cannot afford a huge increase in defense spending. Second, there is a "disproportion between the pace of international change and the slow, cumbersome response" of military programs. Third, weapons must be designed allowing for the possibility



F-15 fighters (above), P-15 Eagle fighters, MX missile storage mechanism (bottom left) and Trident submarines (bottom right) dismantling the rhetorical foe.

what the 19th-century strategist Karl von Clausewitz called "friction" — breakdown, fear and confusion.

Pollack's message is that the department of defense has strayed too far from these ground rules. Managerial chicanery—the attempt to apply the disciplines of economics and management to the military—has become an end in itself, a procurement, which “draws the military toward new weapons because of their great cost, not in spite of it.” The result has been increasingly complex and costly, but less combat-effective weapons. The two (late-launched) cruise missiles, for example, cost \$1 million apiece, require the use of a B-52 bomber, and are expected for about 30 seconds to guide the missile to target—a seriously lacking time on the battlefield. Similarly, the wind-up weapons inventory has produced a generation of break, more complex fighters that often break down and are not as good a system as a well-bruised in the sky to become their presence to enemy planes.

Equal thought-powdering is Fallwörter questioning of the two basic elements of faith of the nuclear "theologians." To those who argue that the U.S. may soon be vulnerable to a first strike, he counters that the Soviets could not expect to knock out America's missiles in one fell swoop. In reply to those who argue that Soviet civil defense measures may make nuclear war appear winnable to Moscow, he queries whether the Krevlins would ever trade 20 million to 60 million lives and the nation's industrial base for hegemony over the West.

While not disputing the need to ex-



agreed to an increasingly powerful Soviet military. Follows prescribes winter and shelter ways of doing so the development of a fleet of smaller, cheaper nuclear attack subs than the Trident which would require the need for the 40 months, the shuffling of plans for the B-1 bomber in favor of smaller, harder to detect bombers One can only hope that Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger picks up his book for bedtime reading.

For Secretary of State Alexander Haig, on the other hand, Chace's book would be appropriate. American foreign policy under his tutelage has been characterized by an evasive, impulsive anti-Sovietism. As Reagan himself has said, "Let us not debate ourselves, the Soviet Union underlies all the current going on." Chace's point, as the title of his slim volume suggests, is that the U.S. cannot afford to pursue a policy of containment. Instead, it should define its regions of vital interests—those directly affecting its security such as the Western Hemisphere, the Persian Gulf, the Western Pacific and Western Europe—and concentrate on their defense. Global anti-Sovietism, by contrast, misses the point, missing regional conflicts such as those in Latin America that not necessarily involve Soviet subversion. Moreover, such an attitude promises to aggravate the already tense rift between the U.S. and its allies over the actions of the Soviet threat and how to respond to it. The spectre Chace raises is of 40 isolated America, battling with high-technology weapons, headed for a nuclear end game with the Soviets.

There is still time for U.S. policy makers to reread the manual that Chace books. They should not wait the next important, if implicit, message in both: that to dream of a restored U.S. in Europe is folly. The U.S. must learn to live within its means, though still substantial, means. —JAMES P. LYNCH



Gray: It's Gorbachev on the News

Gray is preoccupied with the dangers that can ensue from our culture's obsessive concern for gender and its rules—our pretrial-erred biases which govern the language of love and sex. The characters in Gray's novels are people seeking a new world, some made where romantic passion and platonic friendship can somehow be reconciled and perhaps even, in some cases, transcend into a new dimension of relationship. In *Love and Tyranny*, Stephen, the heroine, faces death and contemplates the prospects of survival while on a drive through the austere terrain of the American desert, her companion an androgynous youth with a fondness for drugs and kitesurfing in World Without End, Gray's focus is more diffuse, more she is now tracing the respective quests of three people. The national scene, unfortunately, seems correspondingly less compelling. There is great intelligence on display here, but history is evidently not the strong suit of Gray's people, a deficiency that may account for their tendency to overemphasize by way of self-analysis. The talk is earnest and light-hearted and, damn it, they never shut up. An ocean of such verbiage occurs at the beginning: We are in Los Angeles, the year is 1975. Edmund, Sophie and Claire, each of them 45, have been friends for 30 years. They are meeting the night together. Sophie—as in her way, so as Edmund's way, so as Claire's way—explains the situation in the Internet guide. "We've come here to figure out how to live the last third of our lives, after forty-five there isn't much left but friendship is there, only friends will tell you the truth you need to hear to make the last part of your existence bearable."

This is *World Without End*, as the title suggests. This is Gorbachev on the News. The trip to Russia is used as the training device for reflections, mainly Edmund's, on the special friendship of

30 years. The recollections date back to the summer of 1945, when Edmund, the son of 46 impoverished and undervalued Russian emigrants, meets war princess Claire and Jewish princess Sophie while on a visit to Manhattan. Claire and Sophie are best friends. Edmund falls in love with Claire. Sophie falls in love with Edmund. Claire falls in love with the concept of self-dread. Claire loses her virginity to Edmund but remains aloof and unattached. Sophie is not emotionally. Edmund becomes an art historian. Claire becomes a proponent of worthy causes. Sophie becomes Barbara Walters. The reader keeps more, although not half so anxiously as do Edmund, Sophie and Claire.

Ultimately, *World Without End* is a not particularly selfless blend of metaphysics and mysticism. There is an increasing conclusion about the progression of this trio, an atrophying suggestion about the three principles Edmund is the most interesting of the three, mainly because he is the narrative linchpin and gets more space, the two women tend to become adjuncts to his thinking on the span of possibility in relationships. Edmund remains too shadowy (there are oblique references to his bisexuality) and, in his case, no resistance has been sought with the automaticity of a particularized acid.

Essentially, the structural motif of the Russian trip becomes an analogue for the novel itself. The idea being discussed assumes a priority over those involved in the discussion. The attractions are kept at arm's length. There is no genuine change of involvement. We remain tourists. —JOHN LEWIS/NOVA/11/11

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- Fiction**
- 1 *My Name is Maclean* (1)
 - 2 *Good Knight of Power: World's End* (2)
 - 3 *Curly Park, North* (3)
 - 4 *The Communist: Maclean* (4)
 - 5 *Goodbye America: Britain* (5)
 - 6 *The Queen of God: World* (6)
 - 7 *My Name is Maclean* (7)
 - 8 *The City: Maclean* (8)
 - 9 *SPY: Maclean* (9)
 - 10 *Maclean's Book: Maclean* (10)

- Non-Fiction**
- 1 *The Last Great War* (1)
 - 2 *The Book of the World: Maclean* (2)
 - 3 *Compass: Maclean* (3)
 - 4 *Defence: Maclean* (4)
 - 5 *The Book of the World: Maclean* (5)
 - 6 *The Book of the World: Maclean* (6)
 - 7 *The Book of the World: Maclean* (7)
 - 8 *The Book of the World: Maclean* (8)
 - 9 *The Book of the World: Maclean* (9)
 - 10 *The Book of the World: Maclean* (10)

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Travelling tourist class

WORLD WITHOUT END
by Phyllis Cole Pinter Gray
(General Publishing, \$16.95)

"We can explain friendship," begins O'Shaughnessy remarks in *World Without End*. The explanation covers everything but the anatomy. This is *World Without End*, as the title suggests. This is Gorbachev on the News. The trip to Russia is used as the training device for reflections, mainly Edmund's, on the special friendship of

Upstairs, Downstairs

The sickness of Britain lies in its class system

By Allan Fotheringham

There is something more than fancy badness about those who run British society going into a great haggle about their often being torn apart by petrol bombs and raging mobs. At a time when those same folk are preparing *gloriously* for the frippery and elaborate nonsense of a royal wedding, they apparently can't see what's at stake, what's at issue, that while exercise is to those on the bottom end of the scale. You don't have to be too bright to stand off and observe the cry of ornamentation and form surrounding the marriage of two young people named Charles and Di and then watch, as inevitable as night following day, the hector and the torments flying at Thatcher, Britton and the other dreary brick repackagers of lower-class fertility. Queens Elizabeth, reports The Canadian Press, expressed "shock" at the continued violence. No doubt. The whole British society is constituted so as to shield those at the top from what goes on at the bottom.

As a card-carrying anglophile who thinks London is the greatest town in the world and who requires an annual inspection of Wimbledon, Kew and Heston, I find it difficult to ignore dear Mother Britain on her obvious faults that go along with her many virtues. Having lived there, loved there and stayed there, I am allowed to lecture the old girl as her obvious blindspot. The only surprise is that the result of the underprivileged—more white than black—has taken so long. The flouting of the royal marriage puffs is the obvious trigger.

The experts who know such things can tell you that the worst, most dreaded time of the year for those in North America who are at the poverty line is the very time when the rest of us are so happy. Christmas. It's when the year-long disparity between two social brackets is scarily emphasized—the gluttony of the rich and the starvation of the poor. Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

months, the constant hype and sell on television, making it clear that any family is almost desperate, if not un-Christian, if it does not have \$600 worth of presents beneath a glittering tree. For those without, Christmas is the loneliest time of all. For those in Britain without, the cottage industry of a royal marriage with the country's energies devoted to froth, is the most galling invitation of all.

The sickness of Britain, the source of its 19th-century woes, lies in its class



system—the most thickly encrusted in Europe. There is nothing like it in France, in Germany, even in Italy. At the base of it is the sadness that there is no little social mobility for the great mass, our ladies like where you enter it, so no one on the ladder to climb as to anyone. Everyone who visits England remarks that the residents don't seem to want to work. I'm not sure if I would want to, either. If I were trapped, a prisoner of my society, consigned to certain areas of life and barred from others because of the accident of birth.

The statistics tell us that 44 per cent of the children in Britain—thanks to the early wrecking-post process—leave school at 16. Even now lives ahead of them and Maggie Thatcher's economic drama of high unemployment leaving them on the dole and jerking up Northern Ireland's civil war tactics from the very eighth. Many years ago, when I was young and Jewish and wanted to eat, I spent a period as a substitute teacher in the London school

system, lifting in for shell-shocked survivors of the slum schools who had retreated to look for reasons of sanity. It was all right out of a highly revised version of *The Roadward Journey*. I could see school in southeast London where I stuck my head in the teacher's common room, confessing confusion as to which classroom I should go to next. I'll never forget the weary girl, large and wild with chalk and face filled with defeat, who said, "Slide in here, but it's the only safe place in the school." In fact it was, though bricks and balls had come through the window.

Those official writers, shock-clapping over the violence that was supposedly ruining British soccer matches ignored the whole point. The soccer terraces were only the locale, the dead-end class system in the cause. There was a time, in the United States, when the only way out of the black ghetto was the boxing ring. Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong and Sugar Ray Robinson and the rest. Today, ambitious black and Hispanic young men dominate pro basketball (to the extent that talented white prospects can't dent the sky), have almost taken over baseball and are waging an onslaught pro football.

In Britain, the only way out of the slum, in Glasgow or Liverpool, was the soccer pitch—until The Beatles came along. Any fool of a 16-year-old who makes these two routes is destined for a life of working trains or the way to an out-of-town patch. It's not random bad luck; it's support of one's team. It's striking out against an authority stacked system—moving away from the soccer terraces and trains to the streets and the petrol bombs.

It's always been a lot of a joke to say that the British upper class, to keep the unwashed docile, has kept them amused with a double diversion: soccer pools and the Royal Family. Now that things have got serious, it's a trifle hypocritical of these exchanges, just as they are about to launch into a medieval celebration of privilege, in writing their hands about the reasons for the uprising of the ex-work.



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